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club

INTERNATIONAL club

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sports issue

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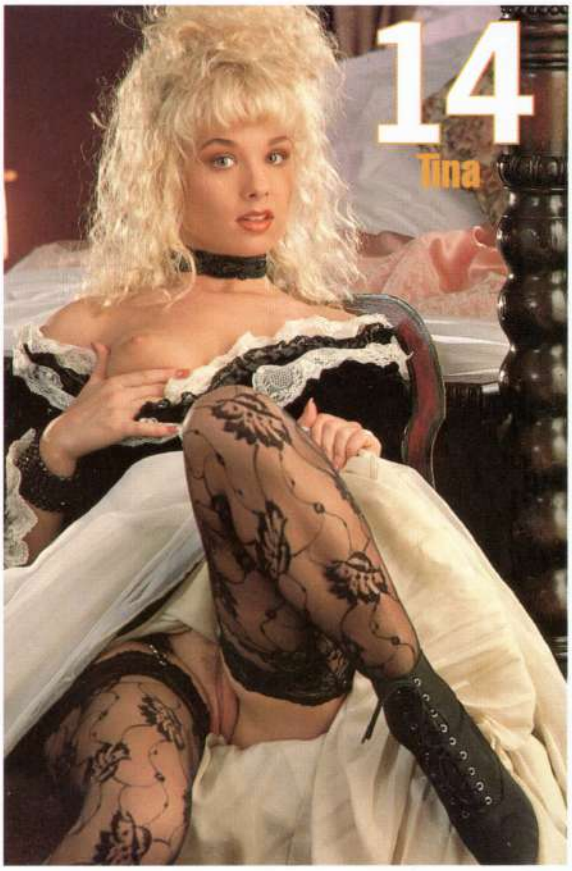
THIS MONTH IN CLUB
TEASE!
CLUB INTERNATIONAL Volume Twenty Three NumberTwelve



I saw the Dhali Lama with a traffic cone on his head

I'm having a bad day. I went out for a few beers last night and my head really fucking hurts. I rolled into my king-size double bed at 2am this morning and woke to discover that I'd fried an egg on the ironing board, I'd ironed a Grillhouse steak and I'd shaved off my eyebrows. Why do I bother?

I only have the vaguest recollections of last night. The fact that the Deputy Editor keep winking at me, throwing his arms aloft and then breaking out in a chorus of Two Little Boys is beginning to seriously worry me.

I also remember being offered 'the business opportunity of a lifetime' by a man who closely resembled the Dhali Lama. "I've got this amazing proposal, Robert," he told me excitedly. "But I'm on some incredibly heavy acid and I can't quite remember what it is. Maybe I shouldn't be having this conversation. Maybe I'm *not* having this conversation."

I decided to make my excuses and leave, pausing only to see the Dhali Lama with a traffic cone on his head directing cars towards Piccadilly Circus while standing on one leg and wailing like a banshee. Poor sod.

Jake Black, Club's very own Hunter S Thompson, came along for the ride too. He also made an utterly amazing confession. It turns out that our Jake, whose unintelligible Scots brogue makes Jimmy Knapp sound like Lance Percival, was actually born in Basildon! In England. As in, *not* Scotland. Yes, that's right. Jake's about

Thought of the month:
Why does the bath always fill up when the phone rings?

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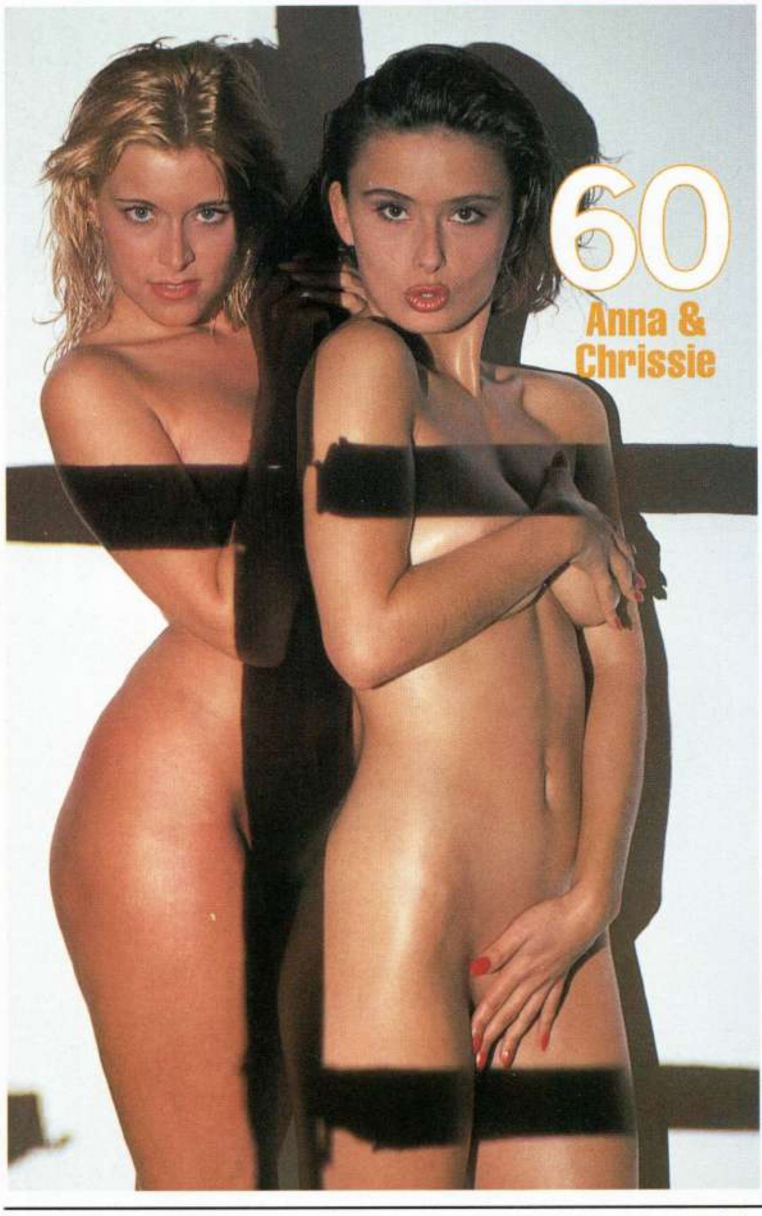
as Scottish as the Queen of England's tits! Quite remarkable stuff.

Howard Johnson, who scribbles bits and pieces for the mag and keeps us amused with tales from the dark side of rock and roll, also came along too. He recently got married and was busy telling anybody who'd listen just how wonderful wedded bliss actually is. With a line in chat as sharp as any of his suits, he is the happiest man I've ever met. And it's nothing to do with drugs either. Amazing.

It was a good night, but I'm now paying the price. But what's better than going out with a bunch of your close mates, getting them to divulge all their innermost secrets – and then writing about them in Club the next day! See you all next month... ♣



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in the bag

We've got the dirtiest readers there are! Send in your lewd letters to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF

ON YOUR BIKE

I'm a keen cyclist and could hardly believe my eyes when I bought the new issue of Club (Vol 23 No 10) and saw Marie draped across a Raleigh ten-speed. I'd love the chance to burn some rubber by putting her through a couple of circuits in my bedroom!

She'd look great in a pair of tight cycling shorts and I guarantee she'd come first in any bike race – I mean, what man would be stupid enough to want to overtake the view of that bum right in front of him? Not me, anyway!

Let's see more of Marie soon. I'd gladly pedal from John O'Groats to Land's End just for a sniff of her saddle! And if she's ever after a pump, get her to call me! – *Dave, Brighton*

GOOD FRIENDS

I've been a keen reader of Club for about two years now. I think the girls you feature are really horny and the letters and Talkin' Blue section are incredibly erotic. I've tried to get Patricia, my 21-year-old girlfriend, interested in the magazine but without much luck. She admits that she finds the girls very sexy, but she says the letters are too far-fetched. All the more peculiar then that what happened to us recently was at Patricia's instigation...

An old college friend of mine, Stuart, sometimes stays at our flat when he's in the area on business. A few weeks ago he was in town and stayed over for the weekend. Myself, Patricia and Stuart headed out for a meal one night and then went on to a local bar for a few beers. The three of us had quite a lot to drink, with Patricia in particular having more than her fair share.

When we got back to the flat Stuart suggested that we should watch a video. "I'll sort that out," Patricia suddenly said. "I've got just the thing too..."

She disappeared out of the living-room and returned clutching a tape and put it in the video. My jaw almost hit the floor as I saw the screen fill with a shot of two unbelievably beautiful women kissing and licking each other's naked body. "Pretty good stuff, huh?" purred Patricia. "I got it from one of the girls at work."

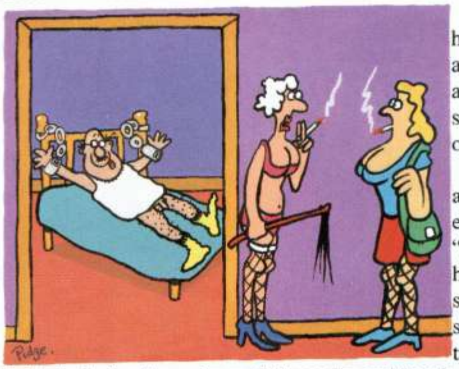
I looked over at Stuart for a reaction, but he was totally engrossed in the action on screen. Patricia was sporting a huge smile on her face, while I was just completely gobsmacked. As the action hotted up on screen, I looked over to Patricia and saw she had a hand up her blouse and was gently rubbing her breasts. Then in one swift movement, she lifted her blouse up over her head and her full, firm tits bounced into view. Stuart looked over at me, but I just shrugged. We both watched Patricia who seemed to be in a trance and just didn't care at all that we were watching.

Patricia then stood up slowly, bent over in front of Stuart and me and then peeled her panties down revealing her perfectly curved bum. Stuart's eyes were out on stalks and I couldn't believe what was happening right in front of me, but I felt very turned on.

Patricia stood with her hands on her hips and fixed us both with a sexy smile. "Okay," she drawled, "which one of you is first?"

Stuart turned to look at me with an excited expression on his face. "Be my guest," I told him. He didn't waste a second and quickly stood up and pulled his trousers and boxers down to his ankles.

"You can sit back down now," ordered Patricia pushing him back onto the sofa. She then dropped onto her knees so that Stuart's prick was right in front of her face. Grabbing hold of

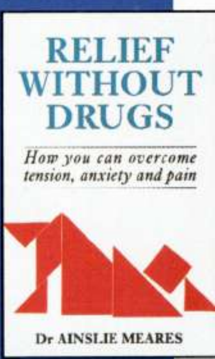


Typical city banker – in vest, in socks and bonds

SPLIFFIN' GOOD TIME!

Do you have a favourite book or LP cover that you use to roll that 'recreational' cigarette on? Of course you do! We couldn't resist kicking off this new series by revealing what one Club reader favours, a book called *Relief Without Drugs*. It's just the right size and has a hard cover too. *Very* handy.

Why not send in a snap of your favourite item of rolling paraphenalia, but please, no Frank Zappa album covers. We're sure you can do better than that! Send your pics to Roll Up!, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. ♣



RELIEF WITHOUT DRUGS

How you can overcome tension, anxiety and pain

Dr AINSLIE MEARES

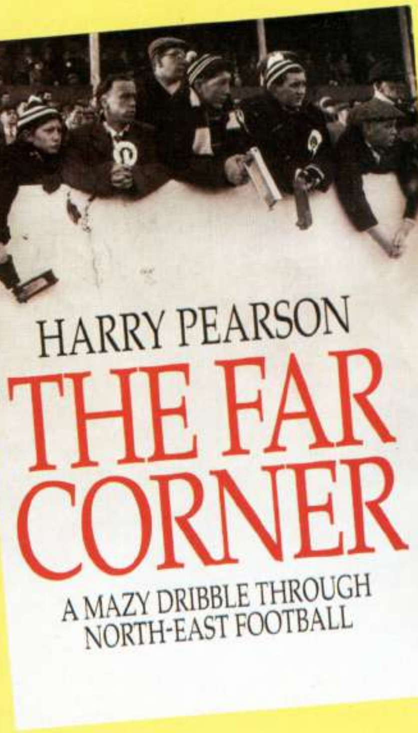
HARRY'S GAME

In the grim North East football is more important than sex. **Harry Pearson**'s new book aims to find out why...

In the wake of the runaway success of *Fever Pitch*, Nick Hornby's best-selling account of his obsession with North London club, Arsenal, it was odds on that the shelves in your local book shop would soon be jammed with a glut of new soccer tomes, and so it's proved.

Thankfully not all the authors concerned have opted for simply following Hornby's very successful blueprint. *The Far Corner* (Little Brown, £9.99), Harry Pearson's hilarious account of a season spent watching matches in his native North-East, ditches Hornby's more intellectual approach to the beautiful game in favour of a fanzine-like brand of knockabout fun and humour.

It's a fast and funny book that contains the word 'fuck' more often than a Graham Taylor sentence. Wandering from Saint James' Park to Langley Park and from Roker to West Auckland, Pearson weaves a history of football in the region around the matches he



HARRY PEARSON

THE FAR CORNER

A MAZY DRIBBLE THROUGH NORTH-EAST FOOTBALL

Tennis

The man who invented tennis, Major Clopton Wingfield, patented the game under the name, 'Sphairistrike'. For some reason the name never caught on.

Boxing
After he had retired from the ring, World middleweight champion Carmen Basilio set up his own business – designing women's hats.

his cock, she began to wank him slowly, licking and kissing it all over. Next she peeled back his foreskin and began gently running her tongue over his engorged penis head. Stuart's face was a real picture; his eyes were closed tightly and he looked totally blissed out. She sucked him gently into her mouth whilst vigorously rubbing his shaft. The next thing I knew Stuart was gasping. "Christ, I'm coming!" he said, and with that Patricia quickly took his cock out of her mouth and wanked him furiously. His hips jerked and he shot his load all over her chin, neck and tits and then sank back into his chair.

While Stuart was recovering Patricia lay back on the floor, opened her legs and began to play with herself. I could hardly believe what I was seeing; she had three fingers deep inside her cunt and was panting heavily, obviously nearing an orgasm. Stuart was transfixed and gradually his spent cock began to rear back into action. By this time I had my own prick out and was slowly tugging

continued on page 33

watches and recollections of the misery of supporting Middlesbrough, and still finds time for whimsical digressions on the lovebite plague in County Durham and the difficulty of eating egg sandwiches without staining your trousers. If you're a North-East football fan buy this book. And if you're not, well, buy it anyway. ♣

pansy

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Any gardener will tell you that even in winter a pansy will add a splash of colour to your bed – and this one certainly will if you're lucky!

Pansy Porter – "Yes, it's an awful name!" – is not exactly a delicate flower and she won't wait to be picked by a fella she fancies...

"I'm certainly not what you would call the shy type," she admits. "In fact, I tend to go a bit over-the-top with guys that give me the hots," confesses the 20-year-old Bristol-based student.

"I practically drag them to bed and then make love in as many ways as possible. I want to feel their cock everywhere – slipping slowly into my mouth, between my boobs and inside my pussy! Then when I've found out what they're best at, I make them do it over and over again!" ♣

A NIGHT ON THE PISTE

Grumpy old man, **Dean Isherwood**, leaps into action and tracks down the coolest video releases of the month

Cliffhanger
Guild Home Video
Certificate: 15

After last month's dismal Steven Seagal film, *On Deadly Ground*, it's a pleasure to watch *Cliffhanger*. Sylvester Stallone isn't going to win an Oscar, but if you like action movies you'd be hard pushed to fault this all-action thriller.

It's got great stunts, a big baddie and a love interest in the form of Janine Turner. Stallone plays Gabe Walker, a mountain rescuer who lost his nerve after an accident vowing never to climb again. When a team of criminals end up on the snow-covered mountains, Walker is the only man with the knowledge to help capture them. He climbs, he punches, he fights and the lucky sod even gets to shag Janine Turner at the end of the film. How could you *possibly* ask for more?

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

HANG ON
STALLONE
CLIFFHANGER
15

JIM CARREY
He's the best there is!
ACE VENTURA
PET DETECTIVE

Ace Ventura
Warner Bros
Certificate: TBC

This was the film that launched Jim Carrey onto an unsuspecting public and the entire plot seems to have been written in order to facilitate his comic talents.

Carrey plays Ace Ventura, a pet detective who has been asked to track down the kidnapped mascot of a football team. During his quest to find the animal he sports a dress, makes the cops look like buffoons and dazzles the girls with his flash lines.

Jim Carrey is like Robin Williams on speed and it's hard not to find him likeable. The film isn't bad either – a bit like *Naked Gun* for kids.

Rating: ✓✓✓

Kika
Electric Pictures
Certificate: 18

This is the tenth film from Pedro Almodovar, and if you've seen *High Heels* or *Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down*, then you will have a good idea of what to expect with *Kika*.

Kika, played by Veronica Forqué, is a make-up artist involved with brooding American writer Nicholas and his son, Ramon, who suffers from narcolepsy.

Ramon, although a nice enough lad, can only really get turned on when he has a camera in his hand and Kika soon discovers that Nicholas has some rather unpleasant nocturnal activities too.

Throw in an escaped porn star, a exploitative television show and costumes from Gaultier and Versace, and things soon start to get fucking weird. Some people may find it a bit over-the-top, but if you're a fan of Almodovar you're in for a real treat.

Hilariously funny and frankly unmissable, this is one to watch if you want to boast to your trendy mates.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓

VIDEO OF THE MONTH
Grumpy Old Men
Warners Bros
Certificate: 12

You'd have to have a real stinker of a script for a film starring Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau *not* to be entertaining. The two make such a great comic duo that it is no surprise to find that *Grumpy Old Men* is a laugh from the first moment when Matthau greets Lemmon with the less-than charming, "Morning dickhead!" right through to the closing credits.

Basically they revive the same roles that they always play together, this time round they're feuding neighbours who haven't seen eye-to-eye for almost fifty years.

JACK LEMMON WALTER MATTHAU
ANN-MARGRET
GRUMPY OLD MEN
12

When a beautiful widow (Ann-Margret) moves in across the road, she escalates their mutual loathing and hatred to new heights.

Practical jokes abound as they each attempt to make the other look like a complete fool, but hey, you just know that they're gonna be big buddies by the end of the film. As it happens, it's Lemmon that gets to shack up and marry Ann Margret at the film's conclusion, with Matthau as his best man. *(Nice one, there goes the surprise ending, Dean! – The Ed).*

There's also a hilarious set of out-takes at the end of the film where you get to see Burgess Meredith (who plays Lemmon's father) swearing like a trooper. Very funny.

Rating: ✓✓✓✓✓ ♣

RATINGS
unmissable, a classic ✓✓✓✓✓✓
definitely worth watching ✓✓✓✓✓
fairly good ✓✓✓✓
average ✓✓✓
yawn, fast forward ✓✓
appalling ✓

UNUSUAL ANGLE

Fishing is the UK's most popular sport, despite very little television coverage. But now all that looks set to change as TV companies attempt to make angling "good telly".

Satellite sports channel *Europrat* has just announced that they have paid £10million for the rights to cover the first World Bungee Fishing Championships from Florida. Competitors fly by helicopter across a well-stocked lagoon, leap out attached to the bungee rope and attempt to grab a fish as they hit the water. Points are given for the size landed.

To make the sport more interesting to a television audience, a bungeecam camera is attached to the jumper whilst an 'on-fish' view comes from the mini-mulletcam fastened to some of the lagoon's larger inhabitants.

Even with these refinements, satellite station SlyTV reckon the sport needs a more competitive edge. The lagoon is therefore also being stocked with several hundred hungry piranhas (also bearing cameras) which the bungee jumper has to avoid. The piranhas have already proved their effectiveness on television. Audience viewing figures for this year's Synchronised Swimming and European Livebait Diving Championships were up 200%. To eight viewers. ♣

DOG ROUGH

With the result of the second drug test on Club-sponsored dog Lynford still outstanding, it's good to see that the 100-metre pooch is keeping up his tough training schedule. Lynford was controversially sent home from the Friendly (but not sleeping together, you understand) Games in Canada after traces of Bob Martins dog vitamins were found in his blood sample. The test also revealed illegally high quantities of Winalot, Pedigree Chum in jelly and Good Boy Chocolate Drops – all banned substances.

It is claimed that Lynford took the drugs to improve his running and jumping, ignoring warnings of their side-effects including a cold nose, glossy coat and pissing every time he passes a lamp-post. Lynford claims the drugs were administered by mistake when his trainer, James Herriot of Yorkshire Dales Harriers, inadvertently gave him a bowl of steroids.

However, insiders claim that Lynford has been taking these performance-enhancing drugs for years. "I've had my suspicions about Lynford since he suggested that games such as 'Fetch', 'Beg for the Biscuit' and 'Roll Over and Play Dead' should be included in the 1996 Olympics," said one source who wished to remain anonymous. Quite. ♣

GRAND PRICKS

You join us at Monza, where the new C&A Williams-Renault-Tyrol-Ford is making its debut. Built to the latest Formula One Association regulations following the tragic deaths in the previous season, the new car has no ground effects and the width of the front and rear spoilers have been reduced. Engine power is also down considerably, 'cos there isn't one! Instead, the drivers have to pedal their vehicles. This lowers speeds from 180mph on the straight to about 8mph – slow enough for the St. Johns Ambulance Brigade to jog after them in an emergency.

"The new regulations will make motor-racing much safer next season," said a spokesman for the motor-racing body, the FIA. Unfortunately, the Williams-Renault-Tyrol-Ford team have already suffered one fatality testing the car. New signing Nigel Morsel died taking the new car around the Italian track yesterday. A post-mortem revealed the probable cause of death was boredom. ♣

YOU BET!

Is betting really such a mug's game? To discover the truth, we sent one mug, **Adam Porter**, to a betting shop with £50 in used notes, guv...

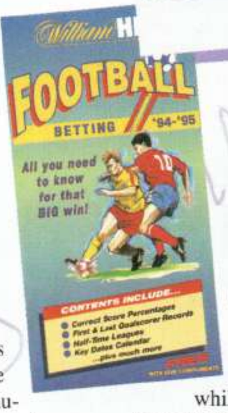
12.38pm, in the bookies

Hangover's abound. Horses were my target. Straight bets to win, nothing too crazy to start with. Pulling the slips from their containers was difficult. I'd had a hard night. Nothing came in. The fact that the Gold Cup at Ayr was being run that afternoon caught my eye. I had blown £6.60 and had hardly started yet. I decided to take my *Sporting Life* to the cafe across the road and have a few coffees and study form.

1.22pm, in Zippy's cafe

I had taken out a set of the football betting slips that provide you with the opportunity to bet on that day's matches. Either away/draw trebles (i.e. three predictions) or five folds if you predict home wins. There are also selected lists to choose from where you are guaranteed specific odds. Football, however, is a stupid sport to bet on – it's too unpredictable.

At the same time as sussing out whether or not Meadowbank were going to beat Montrose in the first round of the B&Q Cup, the form of the horses was also under scrutiny. I went back to the bookies in a hopeful mood. I was unstoppable.



2.18pm, back in the bookies

I wasn't unstoppable. Things were not going my way. One three-horse each-way accumulator was still on the go. An each-way bet is accepted if your horse finishes in the first three and an accumulator is a bet over a number of different events. In my case, three different horse races. But apart from that my bets were either falling, not going very fast or looking like they were doped. My first win on a £1 each-way bet was £2.82. Wow, big time, an 82p win. A change of tactics was needed. I was £21.32 down.

3.32pm, panic

Loads of the football scores were going wrong. The £8 that I had staked on the beautiful game looked as if it would be staying with the bookies at full-time. I decided to invent a horse system. I found four races and backed one horse in each of them. I then backed the same horses in a variety of two-horse accumulators, Mistel Cat at Newbury was one of them and On Y Va at Catterick was another. I also backed these two on a two horse accumulator.

Accumulators work by taking the win money from the first race and putting it on the second. Once Mistel Cat had won, I knew I was in with a chance. But it had to work soon. I was £38.18 down.

4.42pm, a winner!

My football bets were crap. Although I had plenty of correct guesses, I didn't have enough of them to get a winner. Leeds losing away at Coventry was a bad result. (Apparently Crystal Palace got a load of letters a while back when they equalised in the last minute against Villa. It was the week after Palace had been beaten 6-1 at home by Liverpool and everyone bet on them to lose against Villa. They didn't. One bloke had them in an accumulator with a few horse races and they had blown it for him. He stood to win £17,000. Instead he got fuck all.)

Back in my world of £2 bets, I was almost out of cash. The one winner of 82p was all I had to show for an afternoon's work. But On Y Va had yet to run. The race commentary was electric, certainly from where I was standing. All of a sudden from nowhere came On Y Va; it romped, it streaked and it came home in first place. It had worked! You could have been mistaken for thinking that I had just become a millionaire.

5.12pm, payout

I thought I would get back about £20. I only had two winners and the same two horses in an accumulator, so I had three wins. I walked up to the counter, the cashier took my slip and handed me back £96.72. My jaw hit the floor, a profit of £46. I ran outside and into the pub across the road and celebrated, gulping down two pints in five minutes and then headed back into the bookies. Big mistake...

5.32pm, in Zippy's cafe again

Well, not quite straight back to the bookies. I stopped off at Zippy's and enjoyed a celebration burger. I now had £88.50. But things had changed. I had gone mad.

5.49pm, insanity in the bookies

Nothing that I could touch could go wrong. I was the last person left in the shop. The floor was strewn with betting slips, disposable tea cups and fag butts.

I glanced up at the screen, the last race of the day was ready to run and I recognised a horse. It was the 5.50 at Curragh and it was called Laura's Beau. This horse had come fourth in the National a few years back. Today it was 14-1. It was an unmissable opportunity. I thought I was invincible

I bet £40 each way plus tax. I bet £88. I had 50p left. The race wasn't being televised and I sat there alone, listening to the commentary. Laura's Beau didn't get a mention for the first half of the race. Then it came into things... Sixth, then fifth, then fourth, then third. I was going to be rich! They were closing in on the finishing line, there was a furlong left and Laura's Beau was third... *(cut to nasal commentary)* "... and they are almost there... Laura's Beau is in third... and as they cross the line the winner is Mr Dibble, in second it's Cheeky Monkey, in third it's Religious Zealot and in fourth place it's Neanderthal Man." What?! Where the fuck is Laura's Beau?! "And in fifth place it's Big Boy Boogie and bringing up the rear is Laura's Beau..."

Deflation. I was completely broke. I had 50p left. There was nothing left to bet on. I was in tears.

6.02pm, the off licence

I walked up the road and the enormity of what I had done hit me. I had blown £80. There was one last chance, the off-licence sells Brentford Football Lottery Cards that give you three chances to win £1000. I lost them all. I am a loser. Betting is crap. ♣

tina hayes sex babe!

I've had loads of naughty suggestions for outfits you'd like to see me dressed in, but one thing kept on cropping up and I just couldn't ignore your pleas! Yes, this month I'm a frisky French maid ready to serve your every need.

From the moment I slipped on my stockings and suspenders, I couldn't believe just how sexy I felt and making beds was the last thing on my mind – I'd rather be in one! I decide to take a breather and lie back on the four-poster. The soft sheets feel incredibly inviting and I drift off into a fantasy...

I'm bending over the bed and my skirt has ridden up to reveal my stockings and suspenders. I hear the door open and before I know it I feel a pair of hands gripping me round the waist and working up towards my breasts. We fall on to the bed in a passionate embrace, your hands slowly undressing me and my clothes falling to the floor. I'm lying back on the bed with my legs spread, begging you to make love to me...

Was it all a dream? Who knows? It certainly sounds nice, doesn't it?! Remember, keep all your naughty suggestions coming in and I'll see you all again next month. Bye for now, fellas!

Tina xx

If you want TINA to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. If you'd like a signed photo, include a large stamped self-addressed envelope.

Photgraphs by Maria Clarke

letters to tina

Dear Tina,
I don't know how many letters you get from other women, but I couldn't resist writing to you after I saw you in Club (Vol 23 No 4) dressed as a cheerleader. You looked incredible and although I've never had a lesbian experience, I can't stop fantasising about you.

I lie in bed at night dreaming of you. I imagine meeting you for the first time when I'm out at a club. You're dressed in a tiny mini-skirt and a tight top and I can't keep my eyes off you as I watch you dance. When I see you walking towards the toilets, I decide to follow you in and chat you up.

We strike up a conversation soon enough, then you suddenly turn to me and plant a smacker on my lips. "I know you fancy me," you purr. "Wanna do something about it?!" I'm stunned, but I manage to nod. Before I know it, we're in a cubicle.

You move closer to me and then plant kisses all over my face and neck, before your hands stray to my breasts and you gently caress my nipples. You push me down onto the seat, drop to your knees and kiss your way up the insides of my thighs until you reach my pussy. Spreading my legs wide, you use your tongue to explore every part of my cunt bringing me to an instant orgasm. You've left me breathless, Tina, and I have to bite my lip to stop myself screaming in delight!

I'd be more than happy to return the favour too! Just say the word and I'll be around to your place in a flash! – *Serena, Lincoln*

I like to get letters from all the readers, Serena, but there's something extra-special about a saucy letter from another girl! I've never had a lesbian experience either, but I'd be more than willing to explore the possibilities! It's something I've often fantasised about – maybe it's time for some action!

Dear Tina,
Wow! I've just got my hands on the latest issue of Club (Vol 23 No10) and the pictures of you shaking your pom-poms blew more than just my mind! You looked fantastic and I haven't been able to stop thinking about you. I've got a pretty simple request, but it would make my day if you could fulfil my fantasy...

I'm a soldier serving in Bosnia and I'd be over the moon if you could send me a few photos to pin up in the barrack room and mess. C'mon Tina, there's men out here depending on you! – Gaz, BFPO 547

The pleasure's all mine, Gaz! I've also included some

special messages for you and the rest of the lads out there – hope you like 'em!

Dear Tina,
Me and the guys at our Sunday football team are big fans of yours and we couldn't resist writing in and asking if you fancied joining us for a spot of training sometime!

We reckon you'd be the best fitness instructor any team could hope for and we're sure you could easily lick us all into shape! After a few exercises with you our tongues would be hanging out and we'd be ready to drop! How about it? – *Daz, Pete, Rich and Tom, North London*

I've never really been the sporty type, lads – except in the bedroom, of course! The idea of spending an afternoon with a dozen dirty footballers though, certainly sounds like my kind of thing! – ***Tina*** ♣

FOR EVAN'S SAKE!

With his ear to the ground, his heart on his sleeve and his foot in his mouth, **James T Bone** surveys all that is cool in the world of rock and pop...

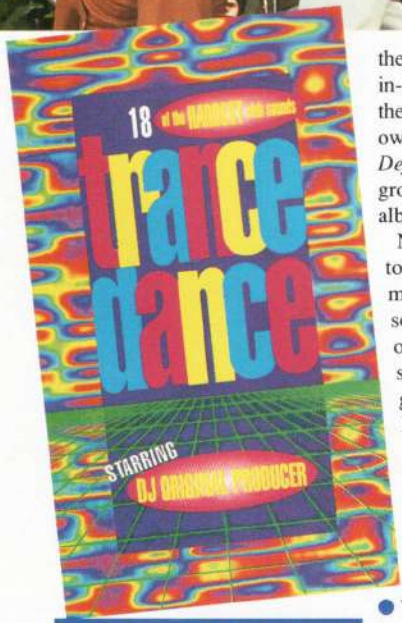
After partying in the States with Primal Scream, hanging around Courtney Love (Kurt Cobain's widow) like a bad rash and smooching up to Kylie Minogue, Lemonhead Evan Dando's social calendar has been taking on Zelig-like characteristics as he attempts to hang out with anybody who'll stand still long enough.

First he was spotted swanning around octogenarian crooner Tony Bennet at this year's MTV Awards, but now he's got a new bunch of mates – for this week anyway – in the shape of **Oasis**. Just by chance they happen to be the coolest band on the planet, and with Evan's own group **The Lemonheads** close to splitting, he's attached himself to them like a bad dose of the clap. He was spotted shaking a tambourine and singing backing vocals for the band when they recently did a series of in-store PAs. He even had the cheek to start signing his own name on the cover of *Definitely Maybe*, the group's chart-topping album!

Now he's heading out on tour with the band and has managed to wrestle a few songs from the mighty pen of Noel Gallagher, Oasis' songwriter and guitarist. I get the distinct feeling that Mr Dando would hang out with Roger Whittaker if he thought there was a photo opportunity or a few column inches in the NME for him...

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?: Oasis' Noel (right) and Parker (left)...

THE MONKEES: Riding on the gravy train to Clarksville?



TRANCEDANCE: Trippy trance tracks for techno trendies

- Talking of Oasis, has anybody else noticed the startling similarity between **Noel Gallagher** and Lady Penelope's chauffeur, **Parker**, from Gerry Anderson's *Thunderbirds*?

- If you thought last month's news that ex-Bros star Luke Goss had been signed to the extremely hip One Little Indian record label was bizarre, then prepare to piss yourself with laughter. The label, who obviously have more money than sense, have splashed out the cash to sign **Wendy James**. "We think she'll come up with something really good," insisted a spokeswoman. What? As good as anything Transvision Vamp did, you mean?! Err, right.

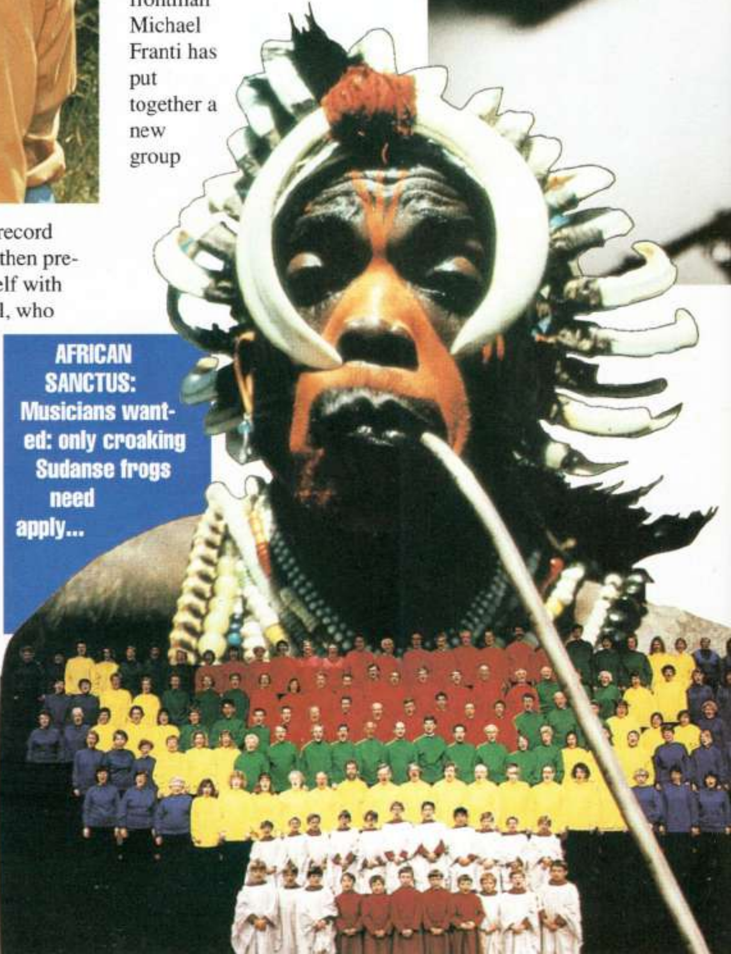
- How low can you go? **Michael Bolton** has a new woman in his life, allegedly Paula Barbieri. Who just happens to be the girlfriend of OJ Simpson. Mmm...

- We've had the story of The Doors, the Beatles' *Backbeat* and Tina Turner's *What's Love Got To Do With It?*, and now another group are set to be immortalised on the big screen. The story of **The Monkees** is currently being developed for celluloid and should see the light of day sometime in 1995. Mmm, I can hardly wait...

- The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy may no longer be with us, but their frontman Michael Franti has put together a new group called **Spearhead** and they went down a storm when they played the UK last month. An LP, *Home*, has just been released and looks set to be a serious contender for record of the year. Watch this space.

- **The Rolling Stones** may already have made a mint from their gormless fans in the United States, and it looks like they'll be bleeding them dry pretty soon.

EVAN DANDO: No hair, no talent and no friends?


AFRICAN SANCTUS: Musicians wanted: only croaking Sudanse frogs need apply...

The Federal Savings Bank in Chevy Chase, Baltimore (population 8,059) has just launched a Rolling Stones credit card! Carrying a picture of the group's famous lips logo, it's expected to earn Mick and the boys up to £20million.

● If I'm honest, I have to say that I've never been a fan of world music. Personally, I blame Peter Gabriel for giving the genre a bad name, but I was pleasantly surprised when I heard *African Santus* by **David Fanshawe**. Featuring Sudanese fishermen, croaking frogs and a Ugandan thunderstorm, you won't have heard anything like it. *Really*.

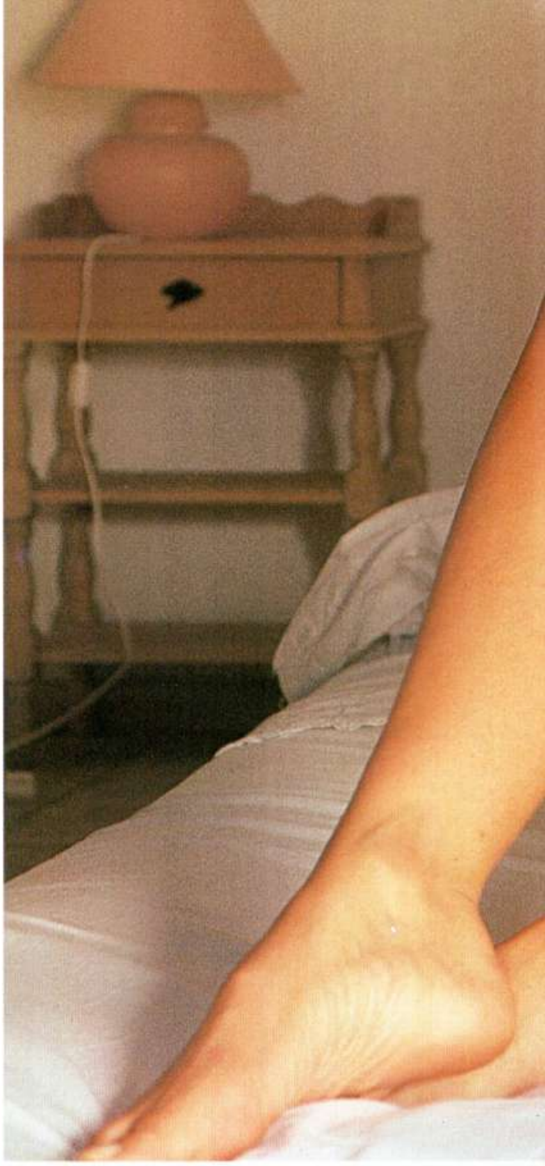
● Finally, we've got the perfect present for all you claustrophobic clubbers out there. If the idea of forking out a tenner to spend a night in a shoebox surrounded by drug-crazed gurners while the DJ blasts out a selection of nosebleed techno leaves you cold, then **Trancedance** is the ideal remedy.

It's a new video that features top sounds from the cream of the trance generation all set to a constant stream of eye-popping visuals. Yes, you too can experience the ambience of a top club without even leaving the comfort of your armchair! Normally, this 55-minute visual and auditory feast would set you back a cool £10.99, but we've got fifteen copies to give away. Just write the name of the man behind **Sabres of Paradise** on a postcard and drop one *(Ooo-err! – The Ed)* to us at Techno, Techno, Take No Notice, Club, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HF. Until next month, cheerio... ♣

Renata

Photographs by Patrick Burgess

Olé! Let's have a big Viva Espagne! for raunchy Renata, our sexy senorita from Seville. The 19-year-old waitress has been living the high life in the city's hotspots – and becoming very friendly with the natives and tourists...



"I had sex four times last night and I'm still not satisfied," moans husky-voiced Renata. "But there's still tonight..."

And what sort of men does Renata like?

"Oooh, I've had muscled men, short men and tall men," she

sighs. "And I've seen cocks so big I could hardly believe my eyes! I love milking a hard cock between my breasts and adore a bit of finger-fucking – but most of all I can't resist a welcome tongue licking hard against my pussy! It keeps me satisfied for ages. Well, a day or two anyway... " ♣

MEN BEHAVING BADLY

Football has always attracted trouble, says **Gavin Hills.** He traces the history of the hooligan and takes a look at a new video, *Trouble On The Terraces*...

Football hooligans have been around ever since the sport was invented. Ever since those days when villagers started kicking a sheep's bladder around, it wasn't long before violence on the pitch spread to the avid onlookers. When football, as we know it, was formed in the 19th century it wasn't long before those crowds started behaving unruly as well. Many clubs have had their grounds closed down after supporters regularly took out their grievances on referees, linesmen and opposing players.

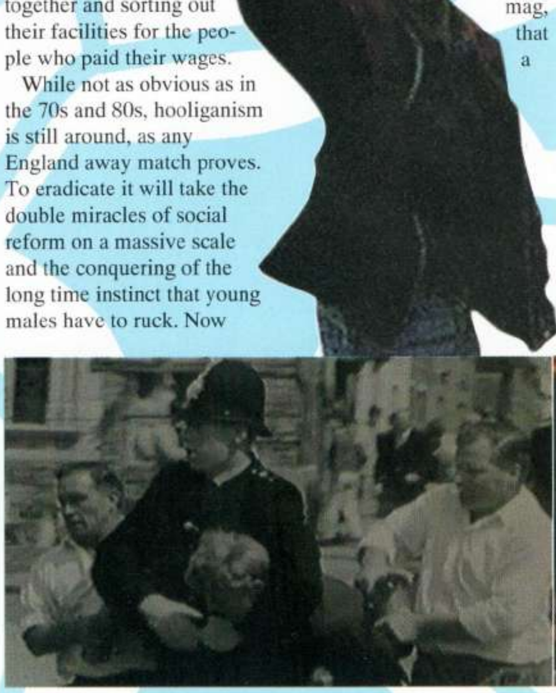
The classic 'white horse' FA Cup Final between West Ham and Bolton in 1926 will give you an idea that things were never exactly sweetness and light. Fans invaded the Wembley pitch, fought with policemen and one guy even took a shit in the Royal box. All good clean fun...

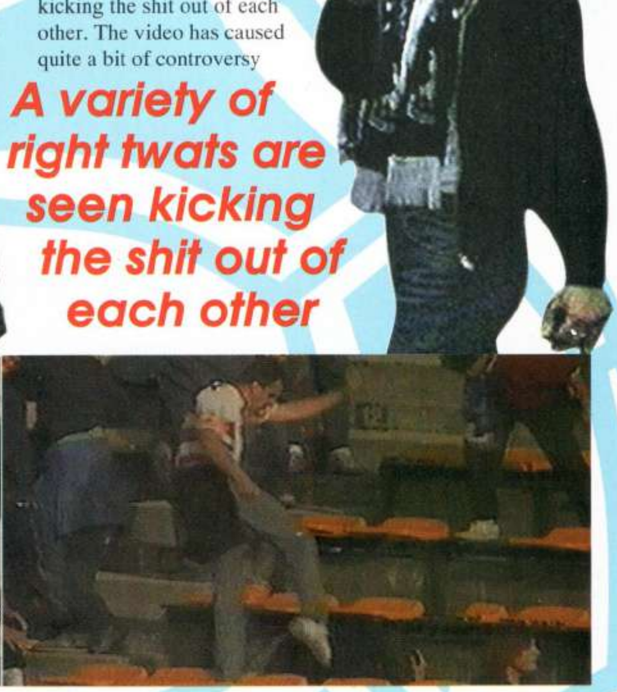
Exuberance really started to spill over in the 60s when supporters began travelling to away matches. Regular punch-ups occurred between rival sets of supporters as gangs of young rascals would try and take the home supporters' 'end'.

During the 1970s riots were commonplace. A mixture of police incompetence, dire ground conditions and a complete lack of respect for the supporters led to hooliganism growing into organised gang war. By the dawn of the 1980s most football clubs had their own crew or firm, all dressed in the anonymous pseudo-respectability of casual attire. Things started to get serious and brawls between rival gangs occurred with almost military planning.

Things dipped off a bit after the disasters at Heysel and Hillsborough. One lead to the government cracking down on hooligans with all their might, the other to grounds finally getting their act together and sorting out their facilities for the people who paid their wages.

While not as obvious as in the 70s and 80s, hooliganism is still around, as any England away match proves. To eradicate it will take the double miracles of social reform on a massive scale and the conquering of the long time instinct that young males have to ruck. Now there's even a video called *Trouble On The Terraces* (Castle, £12.99) that looks at the whole issue of the football hooligan...





On the cover of this 'informative documentary' is the photograph of a bruised and battered England fan. At a guess, judging by the old Admiral tee-shirt and the diabolical state of his haircut, I would say this was taken in 1980 at the European Championships in Italy during the infamous Battle of Turin. The game was noted for the police use of CS gas against rioting England fans. As usual with England away matches, a disappointing performance once again ended in tears.

However, the match would have been more memorable if this photo had been published earlier. For it has been pointed out to me by non-other than the Editor of this esteemed mag, that a biological miracle has occurred on this man. Through wanton violence, a senseless beating of his left eye has morphed, transforming it into a red swollen vagina! It suddenly occurs to me that the wondrous forces of natural evolution are plain to see here. Poisonous animals often develop warning signs to ward off predators and give off a signal of the creature's inherent evil. Here in this one photo, we can see the Darwinian theory evolving before our eyes. Nature is telling us something, it is giving the man a badge, a mark by which we shall know him. Basically the message is a simple one: this guy is a cunt...

Actually the entire video is full of cunts. From our green and pleasant land to the far corners of the globe, a variety of right twats are seen kicking the shit out of each other. The video has caused quite a bit of controversy recently. MPs and the tabloids have called for it to be banned and Woolworths are refusing to stock it. Once you've seen the video, all this fuss seems like nonsense. Sadly there isn't that much to get excited about.

> ***A variety of right twats are seen kicking the shit out of each other***

The, err, trouble with *Trouble On The Terraces* is that it's neither one thing nor the other. It attempts to be a serious documentary to avoid criticism of irresponsibility. This means we are treated to dull interviews with sociologists, criminologists and Leeds United's security chief. What could have made a decent thirty minutes worth of documentary is stretched to breaking point at about an hour-and-a-half. It's not even well edited or directed, with countless crap sound effects and naff titles. It's worthwhile to buy it just for the soccer violence, even though these clips are constantly repeated with dire commentary over the top. At one low point the camera crew follows a group of Scottish thugs at they travel to Holland for a pre-arranged ruck with some Dutch hooligans. Unfortunately the Dutch side forget to turn up and we're left feeling a little disappointed.

On the bright side there are some worthwhile bits in this video. For instance there's some vintage footage of the ICF, Gooners, Yids and Chelsea crews from 1982. Rather than hardened hooligans, these jokers look as if they've skipped choir practise with their wedge haircuts and

Football

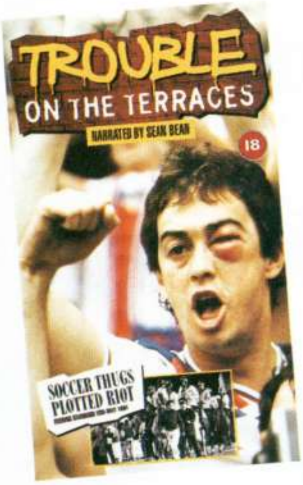
England's World Cup winning manager, Sir Alf Ramsey's boyhood ambition was to become a greengrocer.

Pringle jumpers. Ooooh, really scary, lads!

Then there's the interviews with various hooligans, all distorted in some way to protect their identities. There's one guy titled 'Spurs hooligan' and it's just a hunch, but this guy looks and sounds just like Terry Venables. Is he leading a double life? I think we should be told.

The other interviews with fans are far less interesting. Unless you're a big fan of Harry Enfield. If you close your eyes, you can easily see this sad collection of individuals as having the dress sense of Wayne Slob with the conversational and intellectual ability of the Scousers. Marvellous.

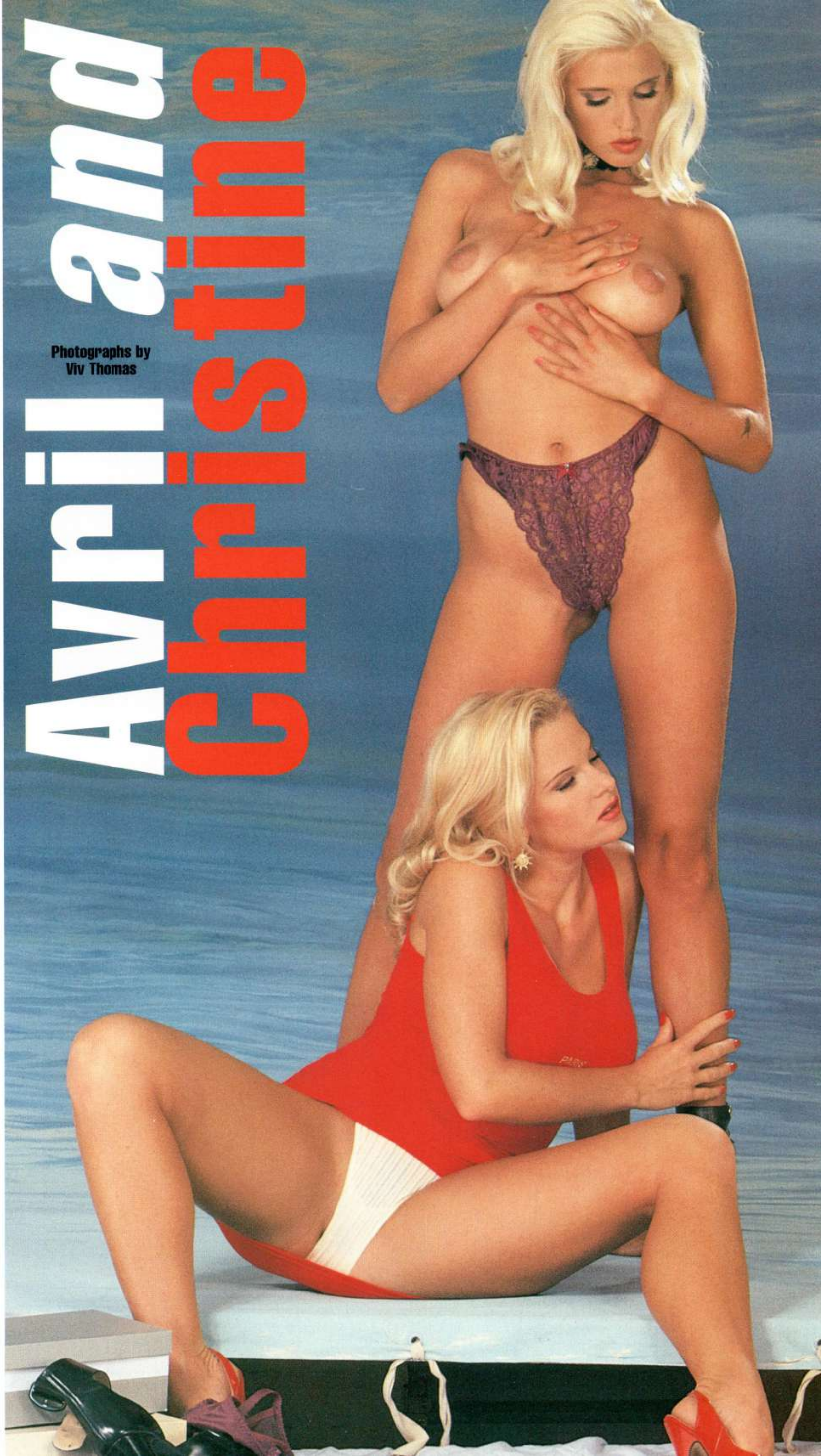
The highlight for me was some of the foreign footage. You're shown a match between Hadjuk Split and Red Star Belgrade in pre-war Yugoslavia. You soon get the idea of where the war came from. The South American stuff is even better. Players hit referees, referees hit fans who, in turn, kill linesmen. The police shoot at everybody. The basic message of this video seems to be that since time began, men have always enjoyed beating the shit out of each other.



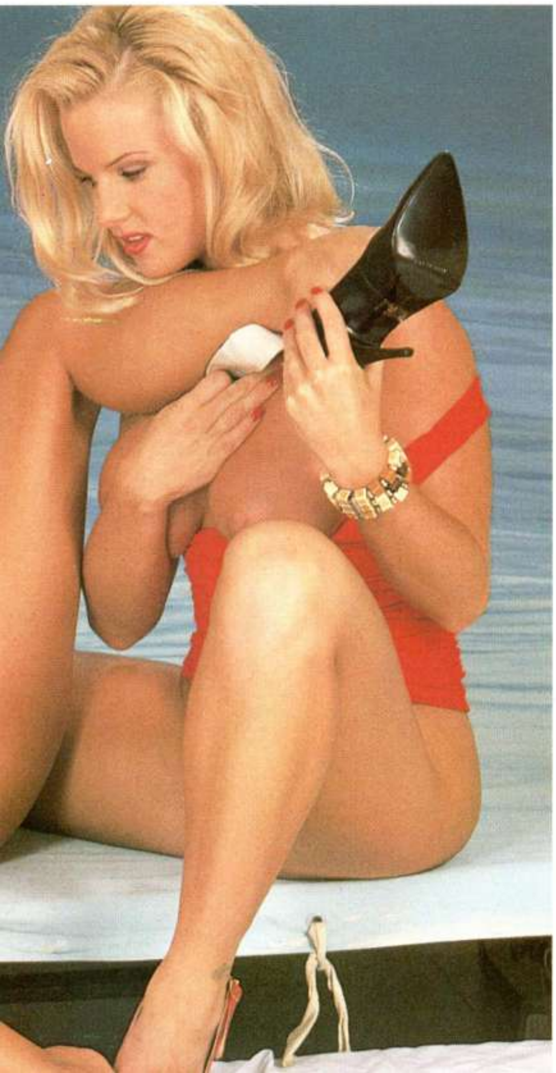
Yes, there's nothing like a good old punch-up to get the blood racing. Unfortunately this video has been castrated so much that the most you can hope for is a slight increase in heartbeat and a bit of a laugh at some of the morons featured. Hopefully next time we can throw away all the vestiges of intelligence, be allowed to watch the punch-ups like the grown-ups we aren't and perhaps be allowed to admit that we're all just cunts at heart. ♣

Avril and Christine

Photographs by Viv Thomas

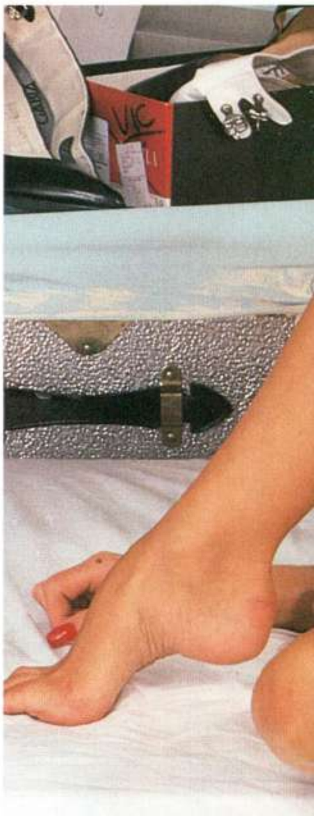


What happens when two beautiful Club models are assigned to a shoe fashion shoot and discover that they share the same fetish? You get a sizzling new video called *Leg Sex* that's what! Under the heat of the studio lights, Christine Tyler (she's the one in the red dress) and Avril Christiansen soon warmed to each other and it became evident that their relationship was fast



becoming much than just a professional one! "Avril has the most beautifully feminine feet," says Christine breathlessly, "and I just couldn't stop myself from running my tongue slowly along the arch of her feet and sucking on her toes!"

"I was a little shy at first," admits Avril. "But I just couldn't resist returning the favour and following Christine's lead. You could say that I put my best foot forward – and Christine sucked and licked it!" ♣



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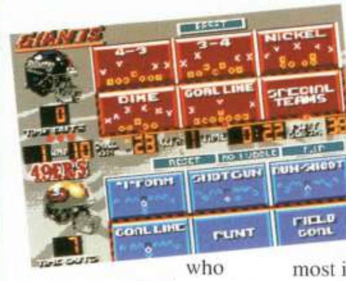
COUCH POTATOES

Can't be arsed to actually play sport? Why not try the next best thing then, says **Adam Porter**...

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

There's really only one decent American football game worth parting with your dosh for, and that is **John McFadden's American Football** (Sega Megadrive). Every year Electronic Arts, the people who make games for Sega, upgrade their existing game so obviously you'll want the 1994 version.



It's an easy-to-understand replica of American football, which is really about using your quarterback to full effect. As the game has become more popular so the graphics have improved, the options have grown larger and the all-round playability has got better. There's just one drawback, American football is shite. That doesn't help...

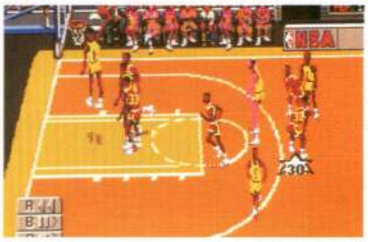
BASEBALL

Like all American sports, baseball has to have lots of stupid little rules. It's like when a six-year-old makes up a game that doesn't really make any sense and then asks you to play along. Of course I'm not saying that the average American has the intelligence of a six-year-old, but baseball with all its fly pitches, curve outs and double nibblies – like gridiron football – is a game for morons. It's called rounders.

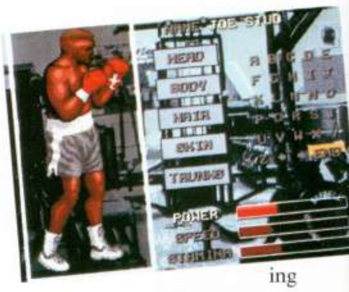
There are some reasonable simulations of baseball about, one being **Super League Baseball** (Sega Megadrive). Perhaps what makes this game so addictive is the fact it's bloody difficult to play. Now that has been overtaken by the brand new **RBI Baseball 94** (Sega Megadrive). This game is also pretty complex, the changeover from pitching to fielding is very hard to master and the batting is as difficult as ever. The fact that scoring is almost impossible does tend to put you off too. However the most interesting thing about this game is that you can actually change the skin colour of the players you pick for your team. Weird.

BASKETBALL

There's been a disturbing trend in the UK recently for British people to think that they like basketball. Fleeting visits by Michael Jordan and Shaq O'Neal, backed up by sponsorship from games manufacturers, haven't really sold the sport to us Brits, although you wouldn't think that if you saw the plethora of basketball games on the market.



However one game has sold incredibly well, even though the sport isn't that popular in this country. **NBA Jam** (SNES and Megadrive) is a two-versus-two basketball romp with an entertaining degree of difficulty. You can pick and choose players and game styles and if you're going to plump for an American sports game, then we'd recommend this. Better than the real thing, obviously.



BOXING

There have always been plenty of boxing games on the market, but on the whole they have been pretty awful. If anyone remembers **Mike Tyson's Boxing Game** (Nintendo) they will not need convincing of this fact.

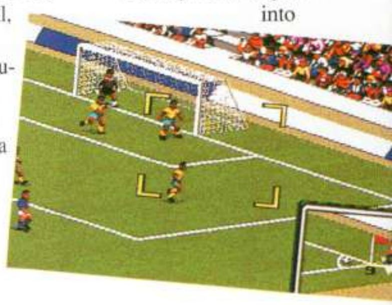
Currently the best game has to be **The World's Greatest Heavyweights** (Sega Megadrive) which is really just a sophisticated beat-em-up. If you like stuff like **Streetfighter** and **Mortal Kombat** because they have ace rucks, I would stick to them if I were you.

FOOTBALL

Now we're talking! Everybody knows that football is the best game in the world and is truly the only world sport.

One of the first games was **World Cup Italia 90**, which concentrates on an overhead view of proceedings, admittedly taking something away from the spectacle. Although it had some bad reviews it's a perfectly good game. Then came **Kick Off** which was a game for the home computer user. It used smaller, faster players and a different viewing angle and it swept the board. Now we have graduated to what is regarded as the best game of all time, **FIFA Soccer** (PC, SNES and Megadrive) which came out this year.

Frankly, the rest pale into



Thanks to Sega and Nintendo and, in a PC kind of way, everyone at Compaq Computers.

insignificance next to this game which has crowd chants, instant replay, bookings and sendings off. It's best in two-player mode, but it's a good laugh to play against the computer. Competitors at this moment include **Ryan Gigg's Soccer** and **World Cup 94**, neither of which are in the same league. Look out for **International Superstar Soccer** by Konami (SNES) which is set for release later this year. This game actually has running commentary and real-life players and is set to kick up a storm.

MOTOR RACING

There are a multitude of racing games available, the best of which is **Road Rash 2** (Megadrive and Gamegear) while **Kawasaki Superbikes** (Megadrive) is set to take the bike-racing world by storm. The best games are the ones with a view out front and if you're stuck for cash, then try picking up a second-hand copy of **Super Monaco GP** (Megadrive). Motor racing games haven't really progressed wildly and this game, one of the first, is still pretty good.

BIKE
RUDE BOY
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GOLF

Golf has always leant itself well to computer games. The fact that there are so many variables has meant that they always sell well.

The best game is **European PGA Golf** (Megadrive), but this is set to take a backseat as technology advances and makes it obsolete. **PGA 486** is the first golf game specifically designed for the PC and is like playing a video, the graphics are immense.

TENNIS

Most of the tennis games about have a fair bit going for them. We think that **EA Sports Tennis** (Megadrive) is pretty good. It's easy to pick up and it's more a matter of learning timing rather than having to understand a complex set of rules. ♣

READERS' LIVES

Resident low-life, **Adam Porter**, reveals another salutary tale involving whisky, women and weed...

What passes as normality in my life is increasingly leading me to believe that I have lost touch with the rest of the human race. Somehow I am spiralling into a universe where everything that can possibly go wrong soon does. Take blow-jobs for instance...

A night on the sofa with a few beers and a feast of football seemed foolproof enough. Then my mate Pete got a phone call from a female friend who was working nearby. "Jenny is coming around... okay?" Hmmm, interesting. But then a sudden tremor from the TV terraces took me away and I forgot Jenny, downed another can of Red Stripe and settled down in anticipation of a cracking football game.

However, things changed and Jenny turned up. I was taken by her shapely figure and sassy manner, but I was more taken with Dennis Wise, and grew frustrated at her persistent chatter throughout the game. This was tempered somewhat when she started talking about her job. She told me she was an extra in a 'cyber-dyke' slasher movie. This, I thought, was interesting. I struggled to work out whether it was as interesting as the Champions League. After deep reflection and half a pint of Paddy's Irish Whiskey I forgot all about football and started talking about flesh. This was my first mistake.

Jenny proved to be more than a grown man could handle. Once she had fully gained my attention (i.e. the football was over) she proceeded to bombard me with a series of anecdotes about her time in the film business. She once made tea for Richard Gere on the set of a movie he was making in England. Being a humble assistant at a chain of clothes shops for outsize laboratory staff, I found her attempts at the big time both annoying and pathetic. But she did have, well, something.

Her hair hung loosely about her shoulders. It was a sort of golden blonde. Her face was animated with a pair of green eyes and a full mouth. I drifted away as she jabbered on and began to imagine... aha! That was what she had. *Looks*.

She was as an extra in a cyber-dyke movie

But let this be a salutary tale to you young men. Sometimes looks are not enough. For some reason she seemed interested in me and it was becoming clear that I had choices to make. Whether to go the full monty with someone who reminded me of a weather girl on speed or whether to check out my asbestos pillow and horse-hair duvet. I had a spliff to calm my mind. My pal had recently brought round some of the finest Moroccan that you could hope for. Soon after I had smoked the said weed, everything stopped mattering. It didn't matter whether or not I had sex. It didn't matter that this girl was heating my ears to critical mass and it didn't matter that it didn't matter.

Before I knew what was happening it was lights out and tongues down throats. "I know what you want!" she said rather enigmatically.

My trousers and boxer shorts were ripped from my pale legs. She went down. God it was a mess. I think she had a lot of pent-up emotion, either that or she was just shit. I have never had such a bad sexual experience in my life. She mauled, she groped, she clawed and she repulsed me. Every man's fantasy was fast turning into a scene from *Pet Semetary*. She wanted to send me into seventh heaven. Unfortunately the only place I was going was casualty.

Despite the terror of my situation, there was still something very difficult about telling a girl to stop giving you a blow-job. The words just couldn't leave my mouth. Then it came to me. Whipping my tadger from her mouth, I managed to wank furiously sending a fountain of wallpaper paste up what I think was her left nostril. This just seemed to excite her further. I wanted bed; she wanted blood.

At this point I did what any self-respecting male would do. I downed more whiskey and passed out in a coma. Alcohol had liberated me from my sexual hell.

The morning rose with *GMTV* and my naked body ravaged on the sofa. Cold, hungover and sporting several scars and an unsightly bite mark, I found myself in a state of bewilderment. My life is sad enough as it is without having to come to terms with the fact that not everything can be solved with whiskey and flirtation. God, life is shit. ♣

in the bag

continued from page 5

myself off too.

Suddenly Patricia turned around and knelt on the floor on all fours with her bum pointing invitingly in the air. "Come on, Stuart," she moaned. "Let's see how much of your cock I can take!" Stuart leapt into action and knelt behind her, rubbing his tool up and down her wet slit before easing it inside her tight hole. He began thrusting immediately; long, deep strokes that had Patricia moaning delightedly. It was an unbelievable sight – there I was, sitting in my own house, watching my girlfriend getting screwed senseless by one of my mates! It was an incredible turn-on.

Patricia's delighted moans soon turned to loud screams as she came nearer to her orgasm. "You randy sod, Stuart," she yelped. "You've got me coming already!" Patricia had her teeth clenched and was frantically pushing back onto Stuart's tool. Seconds later, Patricia's body started shaking and she screamed out loud as an orgasm tore through her. Then Stuart stiffened and pulled out his cock before directing his load all over Patricia's bum. By now I was wanking madly and Patricia soon helped me along. She came over and cushioned my cock between her boobs and started sucking my bell-end on every upward stroke until I jerked and shot my load.

Cricket

Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales (died 1751) is the only member of the British Royal Family to have been killed by a cricket ball.

Patricia was literally dripping in spunk after that, but she was still insatiable! The three of us quickly headed upstairs to the bedroom and

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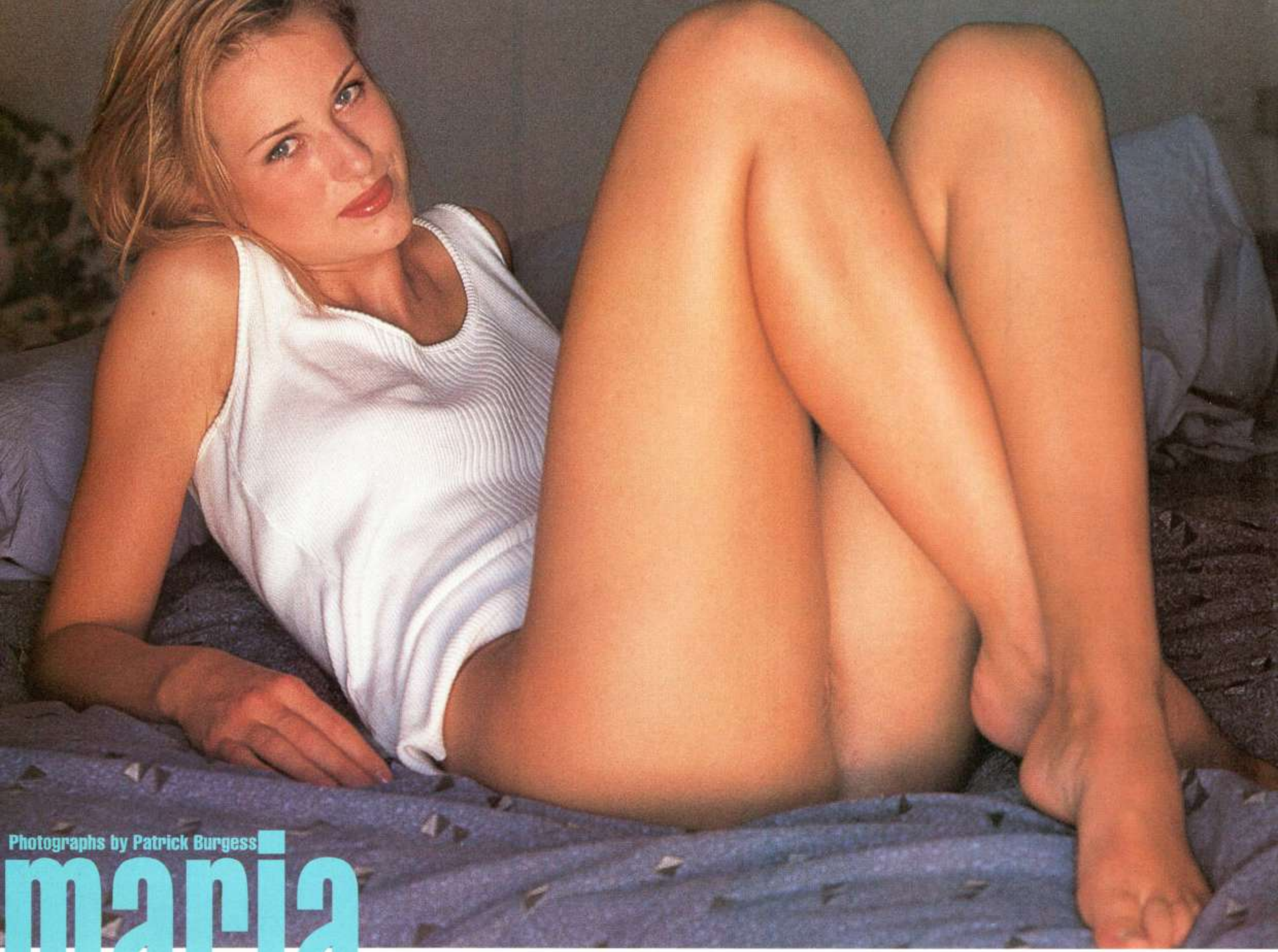
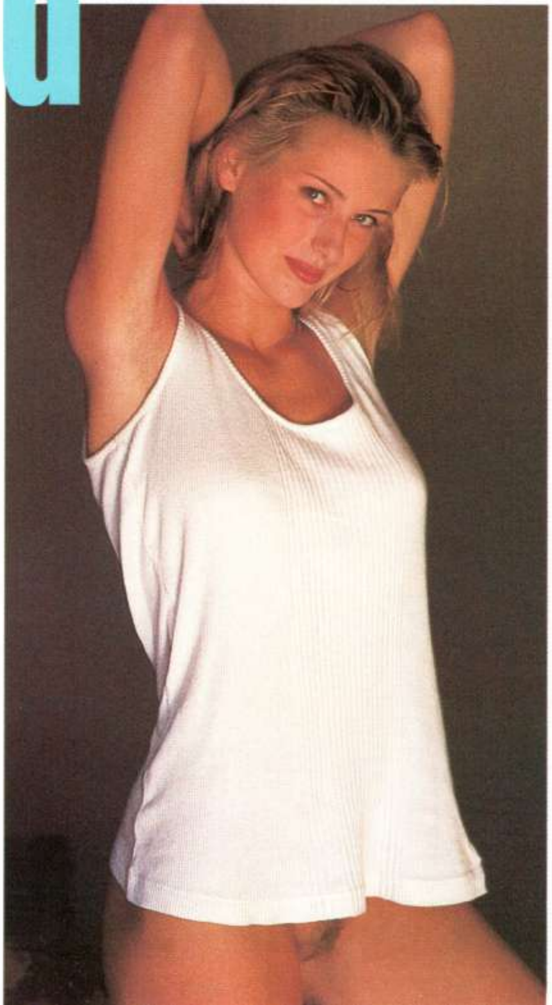


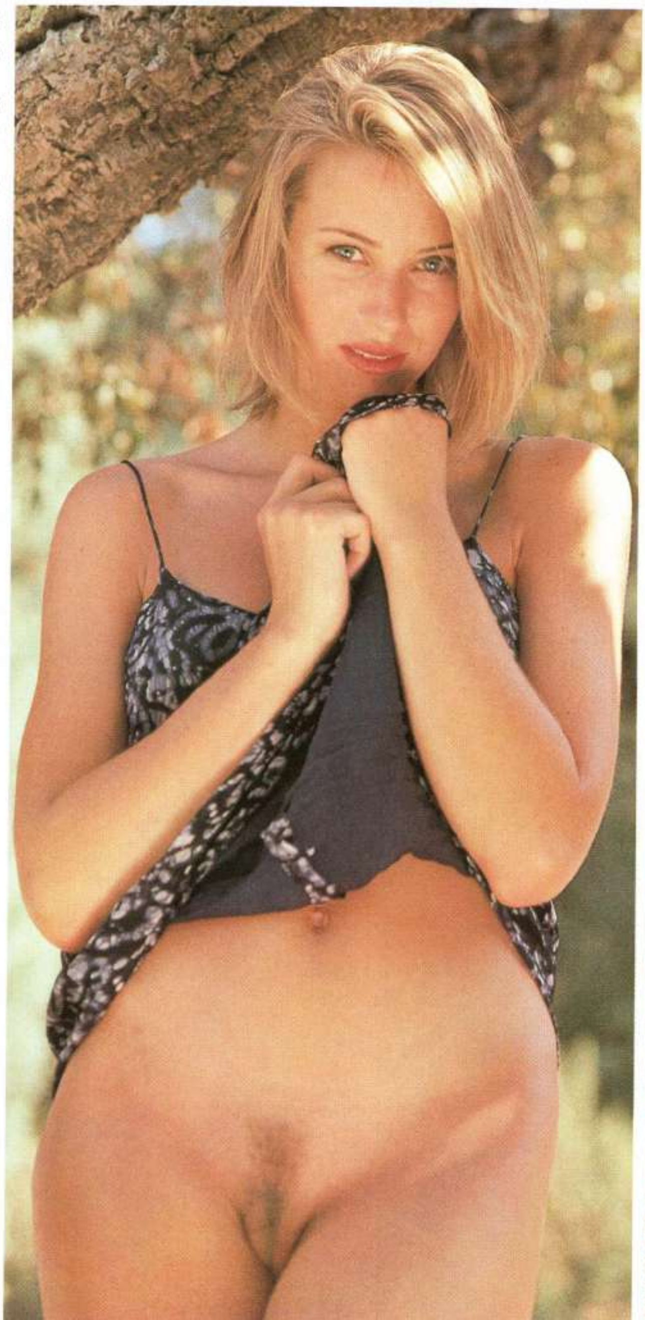
Photographs by Patrick Burgess

maria



If you thought Penelope Keith was posh you should meet Maria! The 20-year-old PR from the Home Counties talks like she's got a mouthful of plums. "Yes, but whose plums?" giggles Maria, pulling her lithe legs up to her chin. "I don't suck just anyone's balls, you know." Okay, so whose

balls would you suck? "Hugh Grant's for starters!" she squeals. "Or Jeremy Paxman's. I wouldn't mind licking his dick for an hour or two..." Is it just us, or is listening to posh girls talk dirty the sexiest damn thing in the whole world? ♣



THE DOPE AND GLORY

Are drugs in sport getting out of hand, asks **Maurice Short**? Hey, why not, like, read on and decide for, err, yourself...

Women athletes with enough testosterone in their bloodstream to transform En Vogue into The Chippendales; a former champion cyclist with sufficient caffeine in his system to power your paper boy to victory in the Tour de France, and an increasing number of male weightlifters whose intake of steroids is such that they'll soon be using pre-menstrual tension as an excuse for poor performances. Yes, there's no doubt about it, the days when most people thought Stanozolol was an Irish jockey are long gone.

However, certain sports have always had a drug problem. Most notable amongst them, cycling. Ever since the Tour de France began in 1903 there have been riders who have sought an advantage from ingesting chemicals. By the 1960s the practise was so widespread that when the authorities attempted to introduce dope-testing, following the death of the English rider Tommy Simpson from exhaustion (a state contributed to by his enthusiastic consumption of amphetamines), the riders went on strike. The leading cyclist of the time, Jacques Anquetil, even went as far as to suggest that stimulants should be legalised for professional cyclists. An idea which, had it been accepted, would certainly have lead to fluorescent cycling gear being very popular at clubs: "I know sulphate's illegal, officer, but I ride a bike, see".

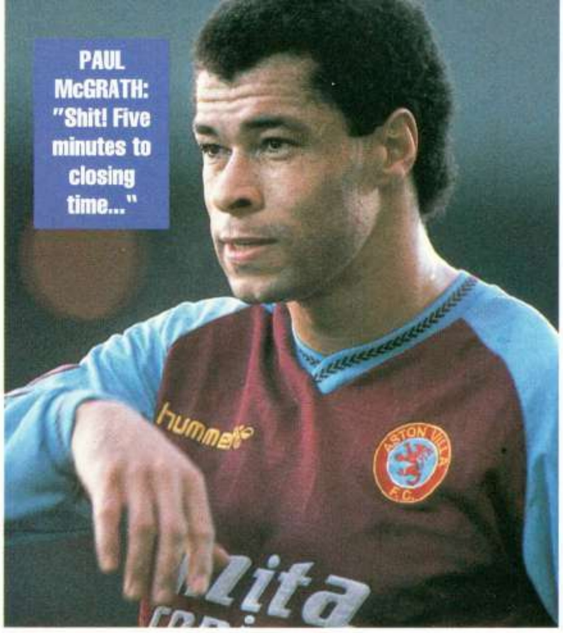
From cycling the use of drugs soon spread into other sports. Beta blockers have been used by snooker players to stop hands trembling (a bowls player also tested positive for drugs during the recent Commonwealth Games. He was let off when it turned out he'd recently had a stroke and was using beta blockers to prevent a repeat); swimmers opt for EPO, a hormone that increases the number of red corpuscles in the blood (thankfully the East Germans' attempt to increase buoyancy by pumping air up their swimmers' bums never caught on); while jockeys take just about anything that will help them lose weight, short of a dodgy kebab. Meanwhile, athletes seem to slurp just about anything. In fact, I imagine that athletes are now like those drug bores you meet at parties. You know, the ones who go, "Yeah, not bad stuff. But I gotta tell you I just had some Thai stick and like one hit and my eyes popped out of my head and started tap-dancing on the ceiling. It was amazing!"

Only in the case of athletes they'll say, "Hey, I just got hold of this great Clenbuterol. One shot and I'd swelled up to the size of Jupiter and overtaken a Porsche! It was fantastic!"

In the USA it seems the problem is now two-fold. Many drug tests show up what are termed 'recreational drugs'. Obviously the Yanks have different ideas on the meaning of the word 'recreational'. It's hard to imagine someone dropping a tab of acid in preparation for a spot of DIY. No wonder the hysterical reaction by the world's press to Maradona's positive test was greeted with puzzlement across the pond.

The days when unpalatable discoveries about our players' private lives are made in this country may not be far away. Since post-match testing came into Italian football both Claudio Caniggia and Maradona have tested positive for cocaine, while Andre Carnevale was banned for using illegal stimulants. When the FA do introduce random drug tests it will come as a shock to those Premiership players who are rumoured to have reacted to the news that Coke were sponsoring the League Cup with cries of, "Great! When will we get a line by way of a sample?" While unconfirmed reports that doctors have discovered traces of blood in the alcohol of Paul McGrath will send shockwaves through the sport.

● Ball tampering in cricket is a hot issue and one that's likely to take on added warmth during England's winter tour of Australia, given that every cameraman there is likely to be training his lenses on Mike Atherton's pockets. Colin from Bucks has written to me pointing out that part of the problem for fast bowlers is also the contents of their trousers. "In the old days the players wore wool trousers, nowadays it's polyester. As any housewife will tell you, man-made fabrics don't polish a surface anywhere near as well as natural fibres. My suggestion to any chemist out there is to come up with a material that combines the absorbency


PAUL McGRATH: "Shit! Five minutes to closing time..."

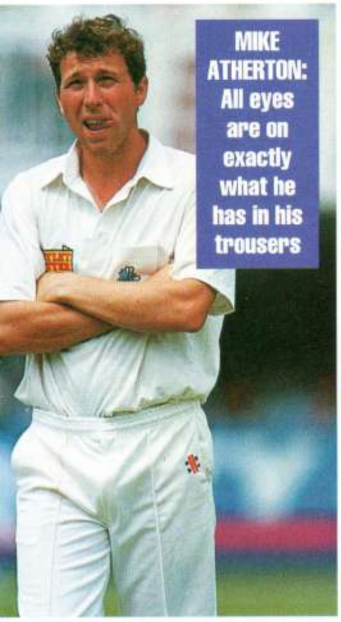
ANDRE CARNEVALE: Joining that exclusive banned of very merry men

JACQUES ANQUETIL: The Keith Richards of the cycling world?

CLAUDIO CANIGGIA
Tested positive fo
cocaine. Do you really need a caption, folks?

of cotton with the washability of polyester, but with a surface that's as rough as sandpaper." Bizarre, admittedly, but not bad, Colin.

Personally, I feel the beneficial effects of static has not been fully explored by bowlers. A pair of nylon trousers could, with vigorous rubbing, put enough static on the ball to give the batsman the kind of electric shock that would stun a hippo. Running him out afterwards would prove no problem.



MIKE ATHERTON: All eyes are on exactly what he has in his trousers

● A few issues back I complained that cricketers always seem to have boring hairstyles. Thankfully it seems things may be changing. Much has been made of Brian Lara's contribution to Warwickshire's success this season, but as Phil of Kent points out, the real heroes were two men with ludicrous barnets. "The last time I saw a haircut like Paul Smith's was at a Blodwyn Pig gig in 1974," says Phil. "Roger Twose's blond bouffant, on the other hand, makes him look like he should be wearing a safari suit and appearing in an episode of *Department S*." Phil then goes on to ask if Warwickshire's barrage balloon-size opening bat, 'Adrian' Moles, is the largest cricketer I have ever seen. The answer, Phil, is that he is not. Tony Nicholson, the Yorkshire bowler of the early 1970s, was much larger. Once he was fielding on the boundary at Scarborough and the people who found themselves sitting behind him demanded their money back because they couldn't see the wicket. There were forty of them. ♣

anita

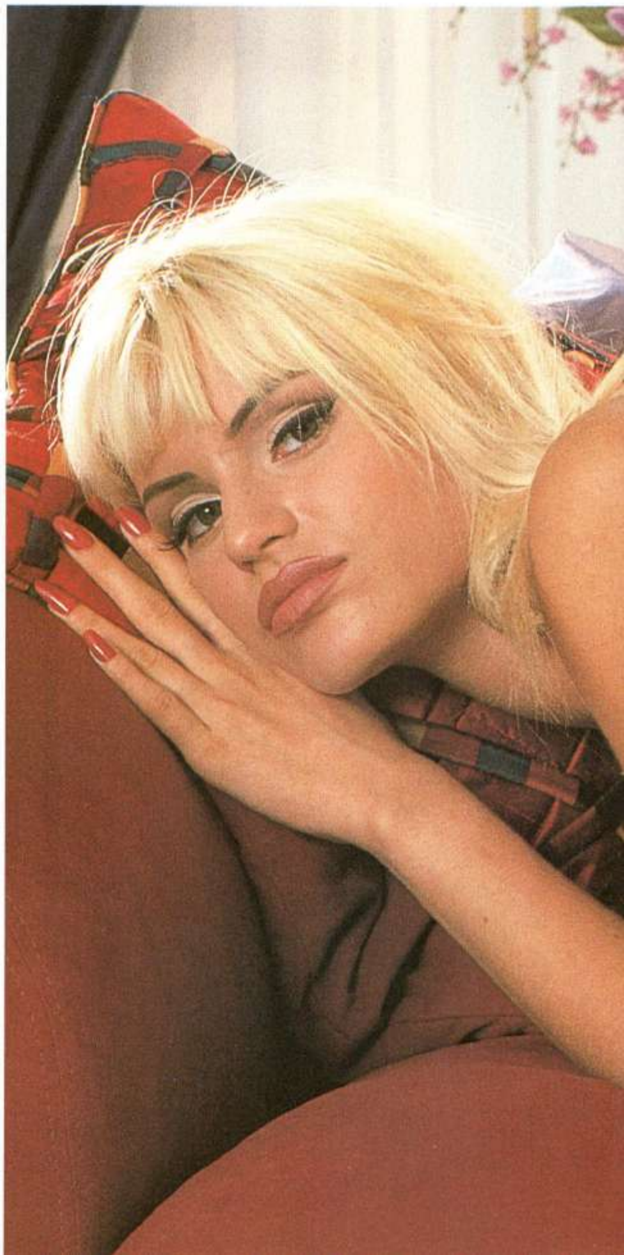
Photographs by Jack Harrison

Nineteen-year-old Anita tells us her favourite hobby is horse riding. When she's not looking for a mighty stallion to mount, this blonde bombshell likes nothing better than some hot action of her own in a horse-box.

"A quick roll in the hay with a man who has a nice big cock – that's what I love!" she laughs, her long blonde hair cascading gently over her firm tits.

"A well-muscled rider in tight jodphurs, his cock bulging and bursting to get free is simply irresistible," she purrs sexily. "And after a day over the jumps, all I want is a long good ride with a willing partner! That's not asking for too much is it?!"

Neigh, neigh, Anita! ♣



club
anita

The Ultimate Sports Guide

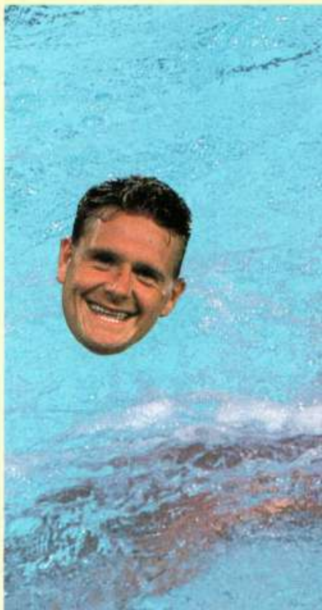
If you thought crap sport was watching Melrose against Raith Rovers on a wet Saturday afternoon with eight hundred pissed-off jocks, think again says Maurice Short...

SPEEDWAY

Popular in: Scandinavia, New Zealand and small boring towns throughout the North of England.
Object of the game: It takes a particular kind of genius to take motorcycle racing and make it boring, but the man who invented speedway did just that.
Basically in speedway whoever reaches the first bend is the winner. Nothing wrong with that, except at that point there is still another three and three quarter laps to go. It's hard to imagine anything more dull than watching four motorcycles in a 1500 yard procession. Though being trapped in a lift with John Motson would certainly come close.
How could it be improved?: Reduce the length of the race to 100 yards.

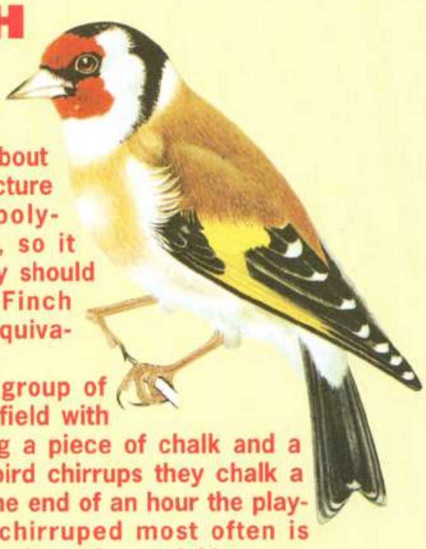
FENCING

Popular in: Italy, France and Russia.
Object of the game: The sort of fencing we're talking about here is sword fencing. The idea of fencing is thrilling – Robin Hood, Douglas Fairbanks, *The Three Musketeers*, that sort of thing. Sadly the reality is very different: two people with more padding than Kylie Minogue's bra, attached to electrical machinery by a series of wires and furiously charging at one another down a length of green carpet with their right arm outstretched. As both are trying to score a hit with their foil, the person with the longest arms is usually the one who wins the match.
If anyone ever teaches an orangutan to hold an epée they'll be onto a sure winner.
How could it be improved?: Swords without corks on the end, no padding and make swinging from the light fittings and curtains compulsory. Bonus points would be awarded for shouting "King Richard will hear of your treachery!", "All for one and one for all!" and imaginative use of a candelabra.



Crap

FINCH SPORT

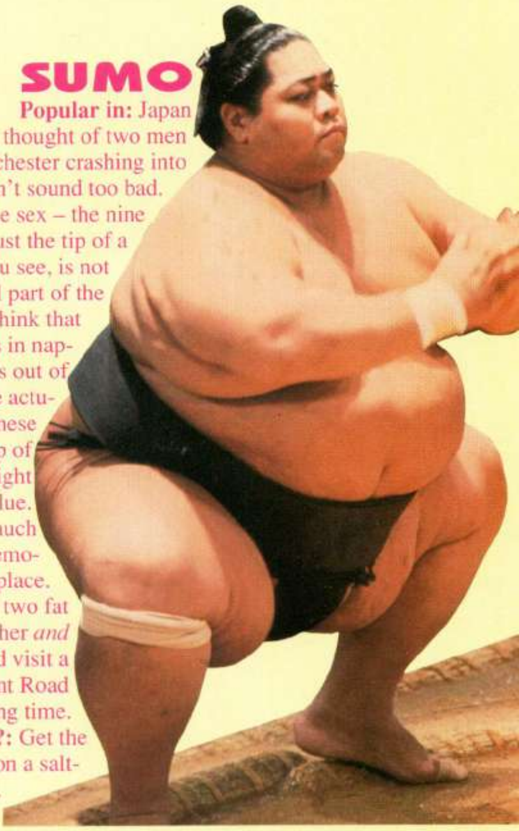


Popular in: **Belgium. The Belgians have a reputation for being about as interesting as a lecture on the history of polystyrene ceiling tiles, so it seems fitting that they should have come up with Finch Sport, the sporting equivalent of Mogadon.**

Object of the game: **A group of finch owners sit in a field with their finches, clutching a piece of chalk and a pole. Every time the bird chirrups they chalk a mark on the pole. At the end of an hour the player whose finch has chirruped most often is declared the winner. Really, we're not joking.**

How could it be improved?: **With the addition of mind expanding drugs and a karaoke machine.**

SUMO



Popular in: Japan

Object of the game: The thought of two men the size of Greater Manchester crashing into each other at top speed doesn't sound too bad. However sumo is a bit like sex – the nine seconds or so of action is just the tip of a very large iceberg. Sumo, you see, is not just a sport, it's an integral part of the Shinto religion. You may think that you're watching two fatties in nappies beating seven shades out of each other, but what you are actually seeing is the Japanese equivalent of the Archbishop of Canterbury in a catchweight contest with Rabbi Lionel Blue. The bout is preceded by much stamping and chucking ceremonial salt around the place. Personally if I wanted to see two fat blokes hurling salt at each other *and* get a bit of entertainment, I'd visit a chip shop on the Old Kent Road just after closing time.

How could it be improved?: Get the doctor to put the wrestlers on a salt-free diet.

WINTER BIATHLON

Popular in: Scandinavia and Russia. A good rule of thumb for judging whether a sport is shite or not is to use the old 'Iron Curtain test'. If the sport is dominated by the former Soviet Union then it's bound to be crap. Ice dance, walking, wrestling and anything that involves women with hairy armpits throwing lumps of metal long distances fit into this category. As does Winter Biathlon.

Object of the game: Effortlessly combining mind-numbingly dull long-distance cross-country skiing with totally underwhelming rifle shooting. As much fun as eating spaghetti while watching a documentary on worm farming.

How could it be improved?: Instead of firing at targets, the competitors should dress up like the cast of *Reservoir Dogs* and fire at each other. Last one alive is the winner.

WATER POLO

Popular in: South America, Spain and (you've guessed it) Russia.

Object of the game: Basically any sport with the word 'polo' in it is crap. The horsebound game was invented by the Mongols who used to play it with a human head. It's a pity they didn't use the head of the man who invented water polo. To play water polo you have to be incredibly fit. To watch it you have to be mental. The main trouble with water polo is that it goes on until one team is two goals in the lead, but it's virtually impossible to score, so not only is the game boring it also goes on forever. The final of the Barcelona Olympic event went into a sudden death overtime period so long that many of the players had full beards and zimmer frames by the end of it.

How could it be improved?: Use Gazza's, John Motson's or Jimmy Hill's head as the ball, or make *Baywatch* enter a team. ♣

SaRa

Photographs by Bob Twigg

Sweet Sara Lewis lists her hobbies as men, dancing and computer games. The first two we can understand, but why would anyone as cute and sexy as Sara waste her time bent over an Apple Mac trying to hit the high score on *Street Fighter II* like we do?

"Not all girls talk about make-up, sex and dresses you know," said our 19-year-old new girl from Grays in Essex.

Don't they?

"No! I love locking myself away in the bedroom

taking hours trying to get to the end of *Sonic the Hedgehog*. Okay, I must admit that if I do really well I congratulate myself with a big hand — between the legs. But for the most part my hands are too busy on the keyboard to fiddle with my fanny.

Of course I like a game boy just as much as the next girl *(Ha, ha. Leave the crap jokes to us please, Sara! — The Ed)*, but I haven't had a shag yet that beat getting to the end of *Mortal Kombat*!"

The youth of today, eh... ♣

talkin' blue

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

BLUE FOR YOU

My husband reckons that I have the cutest arse and tightest pussy in the world – and I suppose that since he's been reading Club for about four years, he's certainly seen enough of them to know! I'm 24 years old and was born in France, although I've lived in England with John since we were married three years ago.

We have a great relationship and a wonderful, very open sex life too. These photos were taken by one of our best friends, Phil, and I have to say, when he's snapping my snatch he doesn't behave in a professional manner at all, not that I'm complaining one little bit! The minute that he's taken a few shots of my neatly shaven pussy and my curvaceous arse, he puts his camera down and gets his lovely dick out to shag me stupid. John's always there when we take the pictures and he loves to watch me getting fucked by Phil. He says that the look on my face when I'm reaching orgasm is an unbelievable turn-on and he gets so horny that he often ends up wanking all over my tits and face. I love it; tasting come is one of the sexiest things in the world!

What's even better than our photo sessions, 'though, is the fact that Jenny, Phil's girlfriend, is one of the most sexually liberated people I've ever met. I don't know where people get the idea that the English are repressed about sex. Not in my experience anyway! Jenny is a total sexual athlete who loves performing in front of an audience and especially for the camera.

Many is the time that the two of us have made love in front of John's video camera and we have quite a collection of films that my husband and I pull out at night and watch as a prelude to our own love-making!

My horniest ever video experience would have to be when we went into our local pub one night. We'd arranged to meet Phil and Jenny for a few drinks and John had brought his camera along, just in case we ended up back at their house for a bit of filming. As the evening wore on and we'd all had quite a bit to drink, we ended up talking to Tony, the landlord. We knew him reasonably well, but hardly to the point where we would have shared our little secret with him. Besides, I never for a moment thought that he'd approve; he almost looked prim, aged about 50 in his blazer and slacks. Anyway, as the evening came to a close the conversation had become pretty fruity and Tony seemed more than interested in all our dirty talk.

I slowly slid two fingers in and out of my wet hole

I can't actually remember how I let it slip, but I somehow brandished one slightly drunken arm in the direction of the video camera, which was still at Tony's feet, and said something about how much I enjoyed performing for the camera. Well, Tony looked very hot under the collar at the thought of this and the fact that I was wearing a skirt that was so short you could see the tops of my stockings and the bottoms of my suspenders whenever I crossed my legs probably didn't help!

When chucking out time came, Tony asked us if we wouldn't mind sharing a drink or two with him after the pub shut. I looked at John and he gave me a wink that signalled his agreement. I think all four of us knew exactly what the plan was!

Once all of the customers had been chucked out and the staff sent home, we retired to the pub's upstairs function room. Tony runs the pub with his wife, but she was away visiting friends for a few days. He put some background music on and we shared a bottle of wine on top of the fair amount that we had already quaffed.

Before long John had his video camera out and both Jenny and I were flashing our boobs and shaven fannies for the benefit of our audience! I don't think Tony

could believe his eyes, but he hadn't seen anything yet!

Suddenly, Jenny moved over to Phil and undressed him, slowly at first and then more quickly as she got hornier. Before too long he was naked, his throbbing dick just waiting to be serviced, and Jenny was down on him eagerly, sucking on his tool and cheekily winking at the camera as John kept recording. I was feeling so extrovert by this time that I was down to my stockings and suspenders in no time at all, dancing around behind the couple who were having oral sex, pouting for the camera and slipping two fingers in and out of my hole, making sure that John was getting all the horny action on tape.

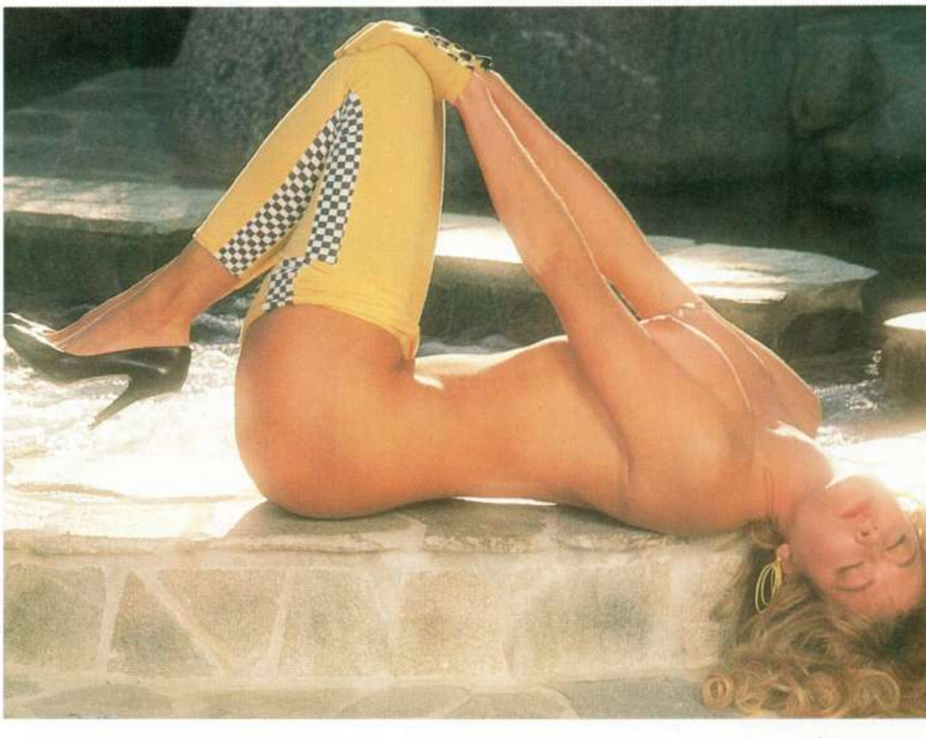
Tony just couldn't believe what he was seeing and as his jaw dropped, so did his pants! He took his dick in his hand and starting wanking so furiously that I was amazed he had such energy for a man of his age. John turned the camera to him and I took my chance to go over and lie on one of the long sofas in the room, spreading my legs as an open invitation to Tony to come and fuck me! He didn't need asking twice and when he was completely naked, I was really pleased to see that he had a good body and a dick that slid into my hole like it had been there many times before! And he was a good lay too, as John and I have remarked many times when we've watched the tape back at home since that evening!

The whole night was an amazing session of Jenny and I getting fucked by Tony John and Phil, the camera rolling all the time and the two of us, dirty sluts that we are, playing to the gallery all the time!

John just isn't the jealous type and he reckons I've got a great career ahead in the movies. I'm thinking about it just now; all those horny men with all that spunk – and my husband standing by with a camera and that particularly special hard-on for the end of the night! I have to say, it does sound very appealing! – *Fredérique, Hereford*

TITS ON THE TRACK

First of all, let me confess that I've got a thing about fast cars. I've always been fascinated by speed and danger, and although there has never been much of an opening for a girl of my 'talents' behind the wheel (splayed across the back seats with my legs wide open maybe!), I've managed to achieve the next best thing. I've become a



Playful as a sex kitten...

MENONLY

...and horny as a flash of tight white panties

We've got your monthly supply of the UK's prettiest little darlings in the hottest, horniest, steamiest poses. In depth intimate sexy confessions from the nation's naughtiest ladies. Balls-achingly funny features and articles that'll have you laughing your nuts off. And loads of other stuff that's dead horny, honest, guv.

Formula One racing driver groupie!

Of course, I have a legitimate job as a promotions assistant working on the circuit for a cigarette manufacturer, but I only use the job as an excuse to meet the stars of the track – and shag them senseless!

Now I'm afraid I'm not going to reveal names here, but if you were know exactly who's taken me in the hospitality suite or shagged me senseless in the pits, your eyes would pop out of your head. Believe me, we're talking about big stars here. I've changed all the names to protect the guilty, but all the events I'm writing about are 100 per cent true.

The first time I met Ian was when he had just finished a practise lap at the Italian Grand Prix. He was still in his flameproof suit when I introduced myself to him in the pits, but I could tell straight away that there was no protection from that suit for the fire that was obviously burning inside his loins! The weather was very hot and I was wearing a pair of skimpy yellow hot pants and I had already made sure that my pussy lips could be clearly seen through the flimsy material. I introduced myself and bent down to shake Ian's hand as he was sitting in a chair, making sure that he got a good view of my cleavage!

"I thought you were very good out there," I purred, my inhibitions falling away as I felt my pussy beginning to juice up.

"I was wondering if you'd like to be good in here too," I drawled sexily, nodding down at my shorts and smiling sexily. It was blatant come-on, sure, but by the look on Ian's face I knew he had got the message clearly.

Within a couple of minutes we were in Ian's trailer, the door locked and his big dick in my mouth! Ian had such a thick cock that I had trouble giving him head, but I ran my tongue around his bell-end eagerly, desperate to taste his hot come. I bobbed my head up and down, expertly teasing his sensitive shaft, working at it until he was ready to shoot his spunk. I was so greedy for semen that I kept moving up and down the shaft until Ian exploded, grinding his hips into my face, my hands burying deep into his bum cheeks as I drank down every last spot of his sticky come. It was bloody marvellous, I can tell you!

Although Ian had shot his load, I was ready to have my pussy filled with his dick. I had my pants off in a second while Ian struggled to get out of his suit. By the time he was naked his dick was stiff and ready for action again, so I leaned back on the dresser and took him right inside me! What a feeling... I couldn't believe how he was making me come so quickly, but within seconds I could feel myself climaxing!

With Ian on top of me and about to come inside me, I couldn't believe that the door to the trailer sprang open and Ian's team mate, Danny, came flying in. He had spied the two of us through the window of the trailer and was ready for some off-the-track action himself. I wasn't the kind of girl to turn a guy like him down and while Ian carried on fucking me, I motioned to Danny to come over to me. Between gasps as Ian bucked, I begged Danny to wank all over my face. I love the taste of come and watching this fit young man pulling at his stiff dick above my face while I could still feel cock inside me was absolutely mind-blowing!

I drank down every last drop of his sticky come

With impeccable timing – not to mention manners – both Ian and Danny shot their wads and within a couple of seconds I started to buck and writhe as my own orgasm took over!

Well, once word got about that there was a cock-hungry 19-year-old on the loose, I have to admit that the fun just didn't stop. I never knew that there were so many horny people in this business. And not just the drivers either...

I've been fucked by three mechanics in my hotel room, but not before I'd shaved my pussy in front of them while I made them have a competition to see who could come all over me first! That was pretty wild. Then I ended up in bed with another of the girls in my promotions team!

Janey was the same age as me, but with a beautifully smooth, shaven pussy and tits that most women (and men!) would die for!

Janey really knew how to work a woman to make her feel on top of the world. Her tongue was like a precision instrument, darting in and out of my deep front cleft, working at the hood of my clitoris until I bubbled up like a volcano of hot juices! She also had the best collection of strap-ons and vibrators that I've ever come across (and I have a pretty impressive collection myself) and I learnt more than a thing or two about stimulating my horny little quim. Janey and I have become known as 'The Queens Of The Quim' and it's a title that we're well proud of!

Next time you sit down to watch a Grand Prix, just think that there are a lot of grand pricks being used when the racing's over too!!
– Ella, Preston

WET DREAMS

Your fantasies come true...

A SLOW, COMFORTABLE SCREW

My name is Anna, I'm 21 years old and I've been a keen reader of Club for a couple of years now. The letters confessions are my favourite part (although the girls are pretty cute too!) and I knew it was only a matter of time before I wrote in with my own naughty story!

First of all, let me just say that I've never been the shy type when it comes to sex. I think a lot of fellas see me as something of a shy wallflower, because I'm never the most talkative girl at parties. Let's just say that I prefer actions to words – and I reckon I'm more of a wall-banger than a wallflower! Why? Because I love being screwed up against the wall! I don't know if that really counts as a fetish or not, but thrusting my hips forward to allow a guy to take me whilst I'm standing, my short skirt pulled up around my hips and my knickers eased to one side is what *really* turns me on!

The very first time I had sex was around the back of a college disco, against a wall with a guy who was studying on the same course as I was! I'll never forget the way Andy slid his thick cock into my tight pussy. Not that he was any expert (he was a virgin too!); he was probably more nervous than I was and he came in ten seconds flat! Anyway, since that first fuck I've always enjoyed sex standing up, and preferably with the added danger of getting caught at any minute.

I've had my fair share of sex like this; in hotel lifts or around the back of nightclubs and, on one memorable occasion, against the promenade wall in Brighton! But the story I'm going to tell you about only happened about three weeks ago and I'm sure your readers will enjoy hearing about it...

My friend Chrissie and I had been out to a club for our regular Friday night session. I love dancing and showing off my body and I never fail to attract my fair share of admirers, mainly due to my long legs and pert boobs! Chrissie's pretty cute too, her figure is fuller than mine and together we make quite a team!

Anyway, we'd had a few fellas giving us the eye all night and towards closing time, I'd caught Chrissie slipping off with one chap, Jerry, who'd been making a pretty obvious move for her all night. I sat down for a couple of minutes to finish my drink and by the time she came back, her hair dishevelled and a smile on her face, I had a pretty shrewd idea of what had been going on. "Has he got a big one?" I teased, but Chrissie just giggled and made a large 'O'-shape with her mouth!

"He wants us to go back to his house," she told me.

"Us?" I replied, not exactly convinced that I wanted to be a gooseberry.

"He's got a brother," she said, winking. "Better looking, he says!" Well, I had my coat on in a flash and we were soon in a cab, arriving at what looked like a very posh house!

Sure enough, Jerry had a brother all right and he wasn't bad looking at all. He was also really good at pouring the Martinis – as if we hadn't already had a few in the club! Well, before we knew it the conversation had turned dirty, everyone daring each other to be a little more risqué each time. In the end I confessed to my love of being fucked up against the wall. Chrissie then chipped in and claimed that she had always fantasised about being fucked by a bloke with a blindfold on. She didn't know why, but said it always formed the basis of her masturbatory fantasies.

By this stage all thoughts of shyness had gone out of the window and Malcolm and Jerry were saying they wanted to go for it. "Let's play a little game," I suggested. "Why don't we blindfold you guys and then you can fuck us against the wall, then see if you guess who's who?" Chrissie looked well into the idea and so Jerry went off to find a couple of scarves to use as blindfolds.

On his return, Chrissie and I had stood up in the middle of the living-room and started to kiss each other, just to turn ourselves on as much as the boys. I hitched my skirt up and pulled my knickers down over my stockings, kicking them off over my high heels. Chrissie followed suit and pulled her top over her head, before unclipping her bra so that her tits fell free. I followed until we were both standing against the wall, pulling at the buds of our nipples until they were standing out proud.

"Get undressed, fellas," I ordered. Within seconds both Malcolm and Jerry were naked, their dicks twitching, desperate to get to work on our pussies!

"Put the blindfolds on," I continued. "Walk towards the wall." Both men walked over towards the wall. "No peeking," I said, making sure that neither could see us.

"How many fingers am I holding up, Jerry?" asked Chrissie.

"Don't know. Honest." he replied.

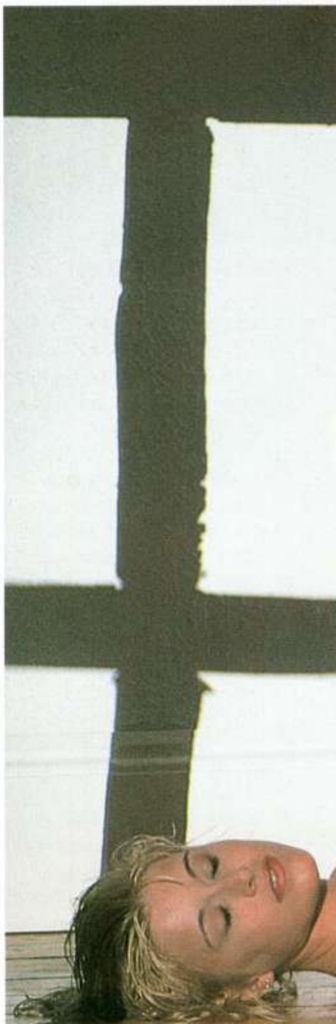
"Malcolm?" I said, dipping a finger into my pussy. "How many fingers am I holding up?"

"I can't see," he laughed.

"All right, I believe you," I said. "Walk up to the wall, directly towards my voice." As Malcolm and Jerry headed towards us, I put my finger across Chrissie's lips, showing her that she should be quiet and she took the finger – the one that had been in my pussy – and then licked it! Chrissie and I had sort of larked around when we'd been pissed, but I'd never been so turned on by the thought of her licking my juices as at this moment!

I looked ahead as Malcolm and Jerry stood in front of us. I took Jerry's cock in my hand and ran my fingers up and down the shaft. Chrissie had already dropped to her knees and had closed her lips

His spunk came flying out and landed on her face



around Malcolm's boner. By the look on Chrissie's face the taste of that salty cock was really turning her on!

I teased the end of Jerry's dick as I draped myself against the wall, his foreskin pulled back so that his purple helmet was on display. It looked like a really nice dick too. It was hard to resist going down on it myself... but I had a better idea.

I started to move my hand faster and faster up and down Jerry's cock, feeling him tense up as he got hornier. At the exact moment when I thought he was just about to drop his wad, I tugged on Chrissie's shoulder, making her pull off Malcolm's cock just as I pointed Jerry in her direction and all his spunk came flying out and landed all over her face! The sight of her face covered in come was almost enough to make my pussy explode, but as she started to lick the come off her face with relish I got to my knees and took Malcolm's cock in my mouth. I hoped he couldn't tell that it was a different woman giving him head. Whatever, there was soon a load of hot, spunk rushing down my throat!

During all of this time, there hadn't been a word spoken and the only noise was the CD player playing in the background.

"Now I want you boys to get ready to fuck us good and proper, up against the wall" I said sternly. "Us girls need a lot of satisfying and I want your dicks to be rock hard! Okay?!" I needn't have bothered with that little speech, because those two poles were pointed skywards and ready to fly the flag again. My pussy ached for dick, but there was another game I wanted to play first.

"Now Chrissie and I are going to stand up against the wall and you are going to feel us all over – and I mean all over – and I want you to tell us who is who. When you get it right, then you can fuck that person."

Malcolm and Jerry must have spent ten minutes checking out the two naked bodies in front of them and you can bet that Chrissie and I enjoyed it as much as they did! I had both guys fingering my love hole, slipping one finger in, then another,

and at one point both Malcolm and Jerry had two fingers inside my minge at the same time!

Eventually Malcolm squeezed my bum cheeks and announced proudly: "I reckon this bum belongs to Anna and I want you right now." Well, since he had picked me out correctly, I decided that it was time to give him his prize!

I undid the knot around the back of his head and kissed him tenderly on the lips. "Congratulations! You're a winner..." I told him, and bent over the back of the sofa. My favourite position is up against the wall, but I also love to be ridden doggy-style and when Malcolm slipped in I was in heaven – especially considering the sideshow I had to watch...

Chrissie was up on the table, holding her pussy lips open with one hand and holding onto Jerry's shoulder with the other, while he rammed into her. Just watching my best pal getting shagged senseless while I could feel myself getting a large portion of cock at the same time was some thrill, especially when Malcolm shot what felt like a huge wad deep inside me. I screamed with the pleasure of it, letting the swell of orgasm fill me.

But I still wasn't done.

Although my head was spinning, I wanted to taste all that gorgeous come from out of my friend's pussy hole. I moved over to Chrissie and started to lap at her sticky quim. Even after such a session I couldn't believe that I was eating my pal out in front of two strangers.

When I had given Chrissie another orgasm, we ended up lying on the floor for 15 minutes recovering, before we thanked our generously-proportioned hosts, called a cab and headed home!

Now if ever I decide I want to have sex with a horny guy, I will always find the nearest convenient wall for a good shag. I reckon I must be the only girl in the world who actually likes being stood up, if you know what I mean! – *Anna, Aberdeen*

Both guys had two fingers inside my aching minge

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike

FESTIVAL FROLICS

I never imagined in a million years that I'd be the sort of person to write in to a magazine like Club. I'm quite a new reader, and until recently, I assumed that seeing a mag full of naked women and reading stories about group sex and that kind of thing wouldn't really turn me on. How wrong I was...

First of all let me describe something about myself to you. I'm a schoolteacher, 'though I'm only 23 and I'm very young in spirit. Sometimes I think I'm more of a kid than most of the teenagers I teach! I look young too; my hair's long and blonde and I've got a really lithe, slim figure. Although my tits are quite small, they're really high and firm, and so sensitive that I've been known to come just from the lightest touch of fingers or tongue on them. I get really turned on standing in front of the mirror stark naked and admiring myself, slowly running my hands up and down my pale skin until I'm shivering with arousal and getting very wet between the legs.

I suppose you might call me a bit of a hippy chick really, what with my long hair and the skimpy yet flowing clothes that I wear. Oh, and I never wear any underwear either. I don't need a bra – I prefer that free and easy feeling!

Anyway, I'm a bit nervous about telling this story as it's my first attempt at writing anything for a men's mag, but I think what I've got to tell will get everyone out there, both men and women, really turned on. I've only just started writing and I'm already getting very excited and tempted to start playing with myself. So if I start to get a little incoherent, you'll just have to bear with me.

What happened was this. My best friend Ally and I decided to go to one of the many rock festivals which took place last summer. You know, where thousands of young people get together, everyone really lets their hair down and sex is always on the agenda. I'll come clean and admit that that's exactly what I went there for, and I knew that Ally was looking for the same thing. But neither of us had any idea of exactly how we'd get it!

We arrived early. It was baking hot, so by the time we had pitched the tent, we were both perspiring and panting with the effort. We decided to get changed, and both put on little mini-skirts and bikini tops, which left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Mine barely covered my boobs, and as for Ally's outfit – well, she might as well have been naked!

I could feel a growing crowd of guys all staring at us as we walked around the site, and to be honest, I was getting really turned by all the attention. Ally was too.

"I'm starting to feel really horny," she whispered to me as we made our way back to the tent with some food and drinks. "If I get any more wet between the legs, I'll have to have a wank."

Well, I don't know what came over me, and I'd never done anything like it before. Maybe it was just that whole free and easy atmosphere, or maybe the heat had got to me. Suddenly I found myself saying: "You could always let me do it for you."

I half feared Ally would be horrified, but to my surprise she pulled me into our tent and didn't even bother to close the front flap. "Do you really mean that?" she asked me. "Because I'd love to have you frig my pussy..."

Things soon got well out of hand as we got out of our clothes (not that we had much on to start with), and stood kissing in full view of anyone who happened to be looking. But I didn't care about anything else, just about the delicious feel of my fingers sinking deep into Ally's juicy pussy, feeling the way she ground her pelvis against me so that I was probing inside her as deep as I could, two fingers hooked up to find her G-spot and bring her to a noisy climax.

The thing was, once she'd come once, she wanted more. I'd never seen her like this. She pushed me to my knees and told me that she needed to feel my tongue hard in her pussy. She tasted so hot and juicy as I shoved it hard up into her damp slit and licked furiously. I couldn't believe the amount of come juice that I was swallowing as Ally pressed desperately against me for more. She was moaning really loudly, saying things like, "Fuck me with your tongue, Alex, I really need to feel you do that to me." I lost control a bit myself then; my fingers slipped down between my thighs, and as I closed my eyes I felt the first ripples of self-induced orgasm building right through me.

My fingers sank deep into Ally's juicy pussy

We were both oblivious to everything except the intense feelings that were coursing through us as we revelled in our first lesbian experience together, so neither of us noticed that quite a crowd had gathered outside our tent. It was all guys, who were getting very excited by what they were watching. It was only when I knelt up further, so that I could wrap Ally's leg round my shoulder and tongue-fuck her even more deeply, that I felt a tongue gliding up my own wet slit.

I looked over my shoulder in shock, wondering what was happening. Ally hadn't noticed anything. "Don't stop!" she moaned as she came again, her whole body shuddering in ecstasy. "You're making me come again, you filthy bitch!"

But I just couldn't help it. I needed to find out who was behind me giving my aching pussy such a good work-out. Well, as you can guess, when I turned around, there was a guy tonguing me who I'd never seen in my life!

I was a bit shocked, I have to admit – but I was more shocked by my own sluttish behaviour. Because I didn't tell him to stop eating me out, I just let him carry on doing what he wanted!

Pretty soon, though, I couldn't continue licking Ally's pussy, much as I longed to, because I was in the throes of a really powerful climax myself. My whole body felt as if it was coming apart at the seams; I don't remember ever having such a strong, shuddering orgasm, and I blushed as I panted to recover and realised what I'd done. I'd let a total stranger

RAZZLE

RAZZLE
MAKES YOUR
COCK BIG!

lick and fondle my pussy while a crowd of onlookers watched avidly. What if there'd been someone I knew there?

Of course, I didn't think about that at the time, only afterwards. Right then, all I could concentrate on was getting another orgasm. I lay on my back right in the entrance to the tent, naked for anyone and everyone to see, spreading my legs wide.

"Come on, who's next then?" I asked. "I need a cock instead of a tongue this time!"

There was a quite a queue forming as the nearest guy came forward to take me on. He barely had time to shrug out of his jeans and kneel between my legs before I'd grabbed his stiffening cock and was wanking it between my fingers, working it up to full hardness before stuffing it into my hot snatch. God, it felt blissful sliding up there and filling me to the brim. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he knelt down between my thighs and started pumping away. Then, Ally leant over me and thrust one of her generous boobs right in my face, letting me suck on the hard nipple. I'd swear she orgasmed again as I did that, her other boob brushing against my face as she gritted her teeth, fighting to contain the waves of pleasure..

I was getting well and truly fucked by the guy by now, and when I felt a rush of hot spunk shoot up between my legs, it was a bit of a disappointment as I'd been hoping that he'd be able to hold out for longer. Luckily his cock was soon replaced by another one, as the guy behind him – and I feel slightly ashamed of myself that I never discovered any of their names! – immediately jumped in to take his place. This guy's cock really was something; very red and stiff and swollen, he held it firmly by the base with one hand as he stroked it up inside my throbbing pussy.

He really knew how to make me writhe and squirm. The orgasms welled up inside me again as he circled his cock around in my pussy, its walls clamping around his shaft to grip him as hard as I could. I've never been so hot and horny, I almost thought I was going to explode as I pressed my hips up to meet him thrust for thrust, his balls slapping against my bum cheeks.

At the same time, Ally was on all fours just behind my head, taking another guy's prick from behind. It was as if some kind of madness had overtaken everybody; no one cared about who was fucking whom, or that we all might been seen by absolutely anyone passing the tent. I mean, we could all have been arrested! But I could only concentrate on that cock snaking up into me, and the orgasm that was flooding through every part of me.

I felt a rush of hot spunk shoot up between my legs

My nipples were tingling so much, I begged the guy fucking me to bite them – not hard, you understand, but just enough to get me even more excited. As I felt his teeth tease the stiff teats, I orgasmed again – what a relief that climax was!

A moment later, he shot his come into me and I had to get my breath back then, so I looked across at what Ally was doing. Well, I'd always known that my friend was no prude, but the sight of her taking on two guys at a time really blew my mind!

She was still on all fours, so that the same guy was still pumping away at her swollen pussy. I could see his cock pulling almost all the way out and quivering with just its tip inside her before ramming back in again. From the grin on her face I knew Ally was almost in ecstasy, her shoulders heaving as yet another climax broke.

And as if that wasn't enough, a second guy had sandwiched his tool between her soft, squashy boobs, and was using them like a second pussy until he couldn't hold back any longer and sprayed come all over her tits and neck. You could smell the air turn salty as his balls emptied, and Ally reached her tongue down as far as she could get it, scooping up the creamy come to swallow greedily.

All the people who'd been watching us so intently broke into a spontaneous round of applause after our sexy performance – and to be honest, if I hadn't been so knackered, I'd have taken even more guys on!

That experience certainly showed me a side of myself that I never even knew existed, and since the summer I've had more sex than in the whole of the rest of my life. I guess I must be making up for lost time! I always seem to be on the prowl for sex these days – and if there aren't any guys around for me to shag senseless, I know that I can always rely on Club to give me a good wank to tide me over... – *Jenny, Watford* ♣

MANDY

Wee Mandy from the Orkneys has taken London by storm since she moved to the capital a fortnight ago. "I've been out everywhere – well, my tits have, anyway!" says the trouble-making 21-year-old. "I've visited all the trendiest nightspots like The Mars Bar, Club UK and The Ministry of Sound and I've got off with some nice fellas too. But I'm afraid to say I've been so tipsy that I can't really recall any of their names!

**Photographs by
Rallph Medland**

"I'm terrible like that. Once these men start buying me the drinks it's only a matter of time before my boobs come out and my panties come down. Trouble is I can never wait till I get back to my flat so half of London must have seen my bits..."

Well, if they hadn't before, they will have now. ♣

Photographs by Jack Harrison

judy

Nineteen-year-old Judy is making her first appearance in Club, but it certainly isn't 'cos she's shy! In fact, she'll admit that what she hasn't done with a fella isn't worth knowing...

"I've never been the shy type," she admits. "I've been fucked in the back of a a Ferrari, joined the Mile High Club and I've had my cunt licked on a cross Channel ferry! If any of your readers

think they can show me something new, then I'd like to know about it."

And what about women, have you done anything with them?

"Ooo, I'm so used to geting to grips with a cock that I'd forgotten all about them," she purrs sexily. "I wouldn't even know where to begin, to be honest. I'd just have to start at the bottom – and then work my way up!" ♣

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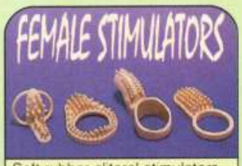

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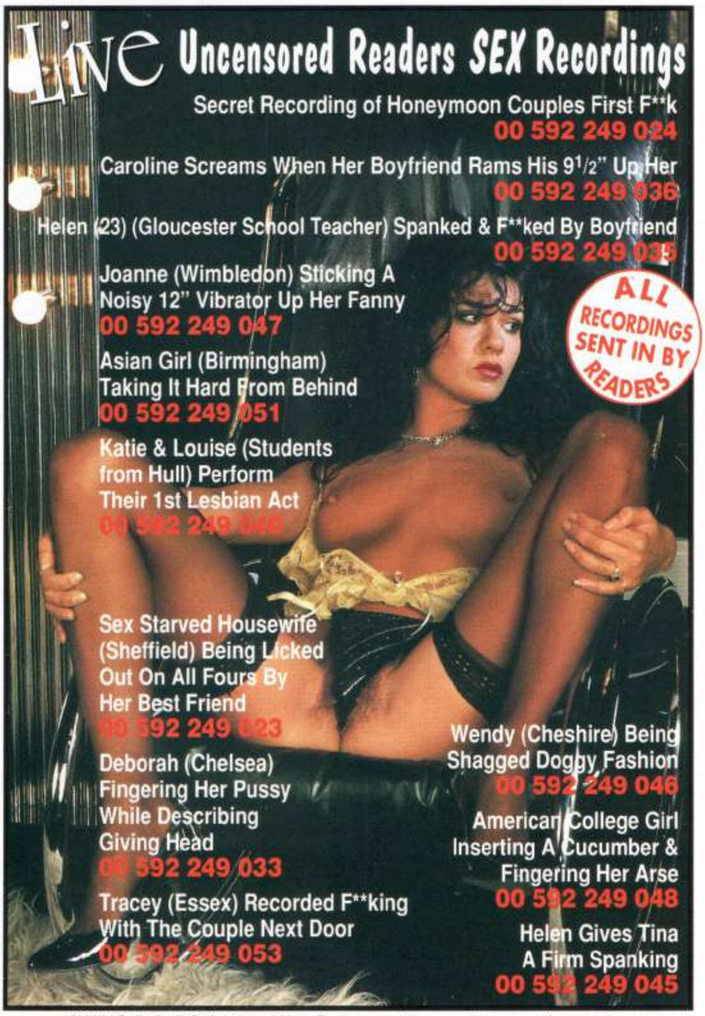

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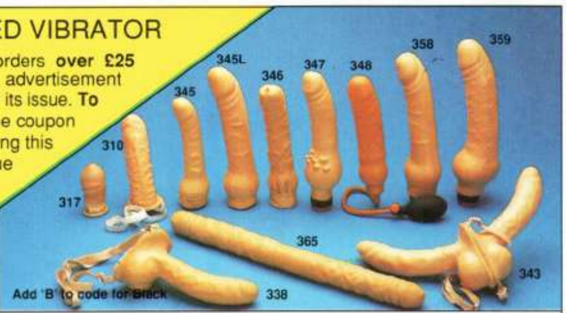

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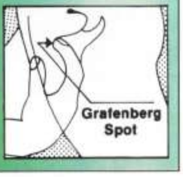

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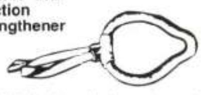

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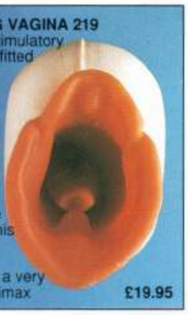

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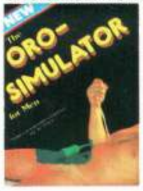

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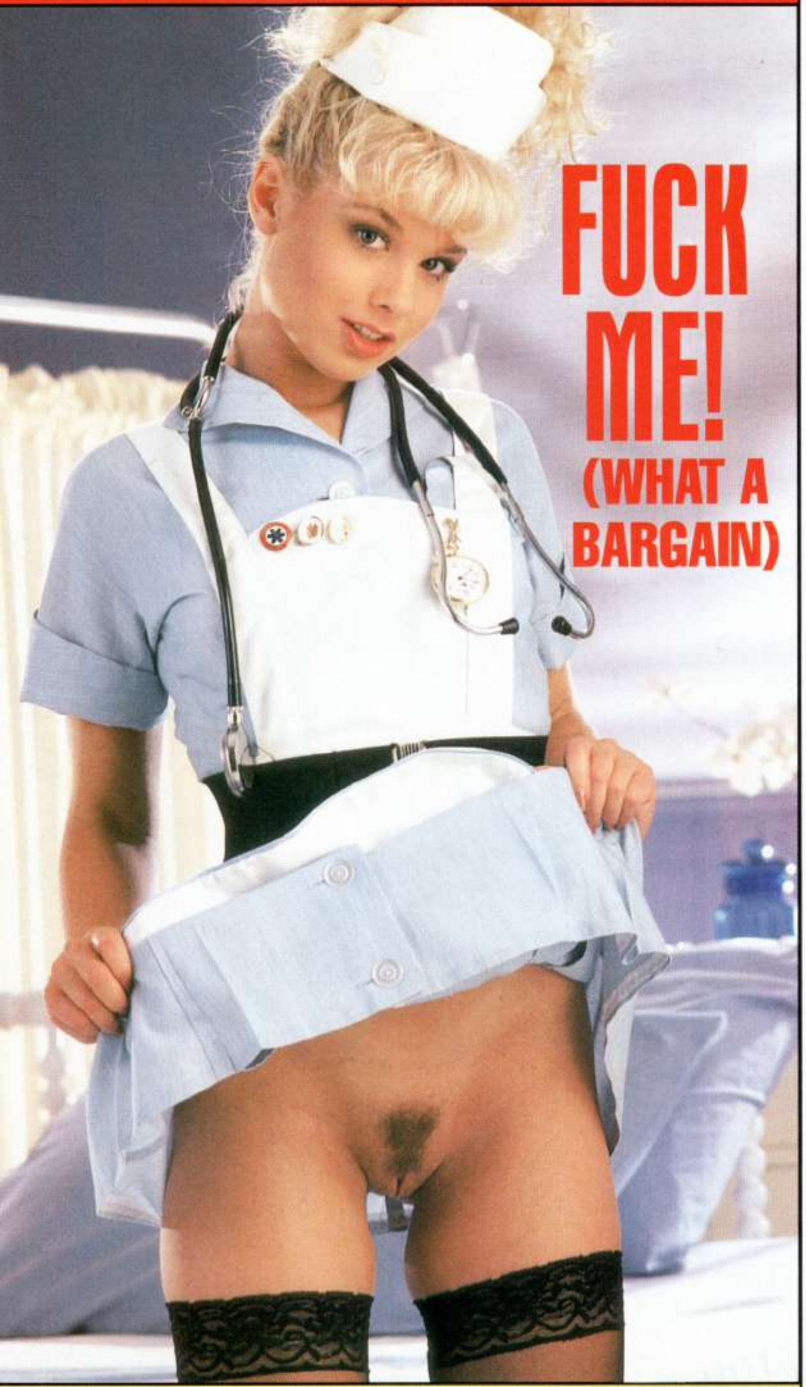

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in the bag

continued from page 39

we enjoyed a threesome.

I can still hardly believe it actually happened, though Patricia insists it's not just a one-off. She's planning to invite Hayley – the girl from work who gave her the naughty video – for another night of filthy frolics. I'll let you know all about it just as soon as I've recovered! – *Jim, Northants*

COSTA DEL COCK

I've just returned from a holiday in Spain with my flatmate, Amanda, and I couldn't resist writing in and telling your readers of our deliciously dirty antics.

Amanda and I have known each other for years and we always do everything together – including pulling blokes! I'm 19-years-old with a curvy figure and long blonde hair, while Amanda is a year older with her blonde hair cut short in a bob and has a fuller figure. We're often mistaken for sisters, which has lead to some truly amazing sexual encounters, but even I was a little shocked at our antics on holiday.

IN AND OUT

Your guide to this months Partridges and Wilsons

IN	OUT
My Byrite	Mr Whippy
Pam Ayres	Pam Anderson
M&S	S&M
Mirrors	quickies
Golf jackets	Umbro managers jackets
David Essex	David Mellor
Sign of the Times	Duffer of St George
Pushca	Bar Rumba. ♣

INDEPENDANCE
PLAY YOUR CARDS RIGHT

Cycling

As a protest against drug testing in the 1966 Tour de France racers got off and walked during the stage to Bordeaux chanting the word "Shit!" at every step.

The fun started on the very first day. We had an early morning flight and by lunchtime we were sunbathing by the pool in our bikinis. The pool was shared with two other villas and we couldn't believe our luck when two of the tastiest hunks we'd ever laid eyes on strolled out from one of the villas opposite and stood by the pool in skimpy trunks. "Cor, get a load of those two, Kelly!" gasped Amanda excitedly. I looked up. In their skimpy swimming briefs, they looked hotter than the Chippendales and I soon felt a familiar tingling in my pussy.

"Hello fellas," I shouted. "Wanna come and join us?" The two of them dived into the pool and swam over to meet us. "I think I'm ready for my first taste of holiday cock," I whispered to Amanda. "Let's fuck them right here!" She grinned and nodded avidly.

We stood up from our sun-loungers and as soon as the two hunks pulled themselves out of the water, I reached over and untied the strings of Amanda's bikini top and it fell to the floor revealing her big breasts. "Meet Amanda, fellas," I purred sexily. "She's aching for a good fucking!"

The guys looked absolutely gobsmacked and managed to stutter out that their names were Steve and Greg. "Well, Steve and Greg, it's your lucky day," said Amanda sexily. "'Cos we're going to let you watch the sexiest striptease you'll ever see!" The two of them sat down on the sun-loungers and watched as Amanda pulled her bikini bottoms down to her ankles and then she turned her attentions to me.

She reached around and unclipped my bikini top, then planted kisses all over my breasts before slipping her hands inside my knickers and pulling them down. I wasn't sure how far Amanda was going to take things, but when I felt her fingers brushing against the top of my thighs and straying towards my pussy I was ready for just about anything! I gasped as I felt her nimble fingers start to gently rub my clitty so I spread my legs further apart to give her easier access. Amanda and I both shave our pussies, so I knew that Steve and Greg must have been getting a great view of me getting finger-fucked. The two of them watched as Amanda slowly slid a finger inside my wet hole and began frigging me in earnest. I was sure my legs would give way as she built up a steady rhythm and I began groaning as I felt an orgasm fast approaching.

I looked at Steve and Greg and they seemed to be having trouble containing what looked like two very stiff cocks straining against the thin wet fabric of their trunks. That was it, I couldn't wait a second longer to get

continued on page 98

Alice

Photographs by
Geoffrey Gallo

If you think of Aussies as lager-swilling louts then you haven't met Melbourne's Alice Haygarth. Intelligent, talented and teetotal, the 22-year-old lists her specialist subjects as literature, lithographs and love. "Making love beautifully is just as much a talent as writing or painting," claims Alice. "And it's one of the few arts I've mastered! I may not have a delicate touch with a

brush but I can coax any cock to life with one touch of my fingers then satisfy it as slowly as you can bear with my pussy!

My tongue, not the pen, is the tool of my trade," laughs Alice naughtily. "Its subtle skill on smooth skin is worth a thousand pictures – or a million words!"

We're speechless, Alice...♣

COMING IN club

DOUBLE YOUR FUN!

How do you fancy a double helping this Christmas? Well, stuff the turkey, 'cos we've got a couple of tasty birds to really make your mouth water! Tina, Club's regular sexpot, has teamed up with Erin to make sure your festive season season really goes off with a bang! Miss next's month issue of Club at your peril – we guarantee it's a cracker... ♣

Volume 23 Number 13 on sale December 1st

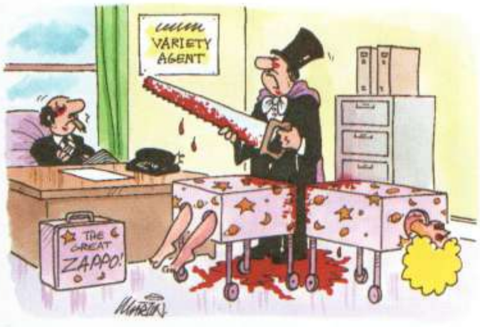
in the bag

continued from page 90

to grips with those pricks!

"You can stop frigging me now," I told Amanda sternly. "There's a couple of cocks here that desperately need our attention!" I dropped onto my knees in front of Steve and yanked his trunks down with my teeth! Amanda followed suit and we both broke into a fit of the giggles at the delicious sight of two stiff cocks bobbing around just begging to be sucked! "Ready, steady... go!" I yelled excitedly. We quickly wrapped our lips around those two fabulous cocks, frantically licking and sucking until they were both dripping with saliva and covered in two different shades of lipstick! I didn't want to bring Steve off without feeling his cock pounding inside my pussy first, and I was more than ready for him now.

I dropped down onto the floor and spread myself in front of him on all fours with my bum in the air. "Come here and fuck me, Steve," I gasped breathlessly. I felt his hands on my bum spreading me wider, then his cock nudging between my pussy lips. As he eased himself inside me, I looked around to see that Amanda was still ministering to Greg's cock. "Keep him nice and hard for me, Amanda," I told her. "'Cos he's next, okay?"



Magic? Who the fuck said anything about magic?

Steve wasted no time in pumping into me as hard and fast as he could, ramming his prick right up in one powerful thrust. I reached behind and eased a finger inside myself alongside his cock, running my fingertip along his shaft as he vigorously fucked me. It didn't take long before I could feel his body tense up and he grunted loudly and then delivered a full load inside me. It felt good, but I wasn't fully satisfied yet. I rolled onto my back and opened my legs, displaying my wet splayed pussy. "C'mon, Greg," I panted breathlessly, "it's your turn now."

Amanda gave his cock one last lingering kiss and he was on top of me in a split second. I wrapped my fingers around his shaft and guided him slowly inside. Amanda had already stuffed Steve's limp cock inside her mouth and was tongueing his hairy balls and bringing him back to hardness once again.

I had my hands around Greg's shoulders and my legs wrapped around his back, allowing him the deepest penetration possible. I love it when one stiff cock slides out of my cunt and another slides in straight away – it feels so deliciously dirty! "Pump my pussy really hard, Greg," I ordered. "Give me the best you've got!" He was a blur as he powered into me, rotating his hips and bringing me to the edge of orgasm. I had to bite my lip hard as I felt that unmistakable surge starting from my pussy and taking over my whole body. I reached down and tugged at his heavy balls urging him to come at the same time. We reached a crescendo together, the two of us uncontrollable as we orgasmed. It was an amazing fuck!

Meanwhile Amanda had managed to bring Steve back to hardness and was frantically bouncing around on his thick cock as she fucked him right there on the sun-lounger. They were really going for it and thrashing around wildly, at one point I was sure that they were going to end up in the pool! They managed to keep their balance though and I was rewarded with the sight of Amanda quickly jumping off Steve, holding his cock between her fingers and then directing an arc of spunk all over her tits!

Of course, I was beside Amanda in a second; greedily licking Steve's sticky spunk off her tits and then kissing her full on the mouth. I don't think Steve and Greg had seen anything quite like it before – but there was plenty more to come.

We decided to head indoors to our villa for the rest of the afternoon and Amanda and I treated the fellas to a filthy lezzie show! They could hardly contain themselves and the four of us spent the next two days just sucking and fucking each other senseless before they had to head back to England. Amanda and I were sad to see two such hunks go, but we soon found some new friends – a German couple called Axl and Susie!

– Kelly, North London ♣

Rugby

In his advert for Quorn, Will Carling strangely makes no mention of the time he allegedly forced some team-mates to eat spaghetti bolognese of the floor with their hands tied behind their back.

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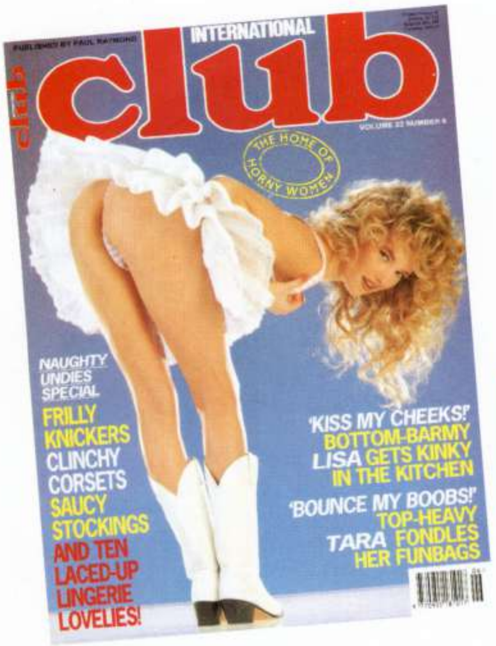
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